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THE
ADULTRESS ;
OR,
ANECDOTES
OF
TWO NOBLE FAMILIES.

A TALE.

In Four Volumes.

BY AN ENGLISH-WOMAN.

Our actions are our heralds, and they fix
Beyond the date of tombs and epitaphs,
Renown or infamy.

TOBIN'S CURFEW.

VOL. II.

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THE

ADULTERESS ;

OR,

Anecdotes of Two Noble Families.

CHAP. I.

Behold ! from far
Imploring Heav'n with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City stands, each sadden'd face
Turned towards the Hill of fears.

MALLET.

THE cottager, of whom they had enquired the nearest way, had put them in a track, by which the distance would be considerably lessened ; but Miss Maitland, whose inclination to reach home, had far exceeded her ability, was yet so weak from the repeated faintings, that, as she hung upon the arm of Lord Mortimer, he

feared she would never be able to arrive at the place of their destination.

Whilst he was considering what he should do in the case of such an event, they were fortunately met by Mr. Grenfell, who appeared equally overjoyed at the meeting with Miss Maitland, as she really was at the sight of him; having, as he informed her, been to all parts of the city in search of her.

“O! tell me”—exclaimed she, in almost breathless impatience—“Have you seen any thing of Lady Vaversly?”

“Seen her? my dear madam,” cried he, in some surprise—“Yes; certainly.”

“But where is she?”—resumed Miss Maitland—“How did she escape in the midst of so much danger?”

“I left her about an hour ago, madam,” replied he, “with his Lordship and Arthur:” she was then tolerably composed. In common with every other inhabitant of Naples she has, during the

past night, suffered much from apprehension and horror; but her principal terror has, I believe, arisen from the uncertainty she has been in concerning you. From your continued absence, she feared, that something very dreadful must have befallen you; and from your appearance, my dear Madam, I am afraid, that her surmises were but too true.

Joy, when the mind has been long harassed by the varying feelings of doubt and despair, is often, from the sudden revulsion caused through the whole frame, as violent and fatal in its effects, as the contrary emotion of sorrow. This was exemplified in the present case. For Miss Maitland had no sooner received from the lips of Mr. Grenfell, the extatic conviction of the safety of Lady Vaversly, than she began to feel all the unpleasant symptoms of the disease, from which she had so recently recovered, again returning, and would have sunk

upon the ground, had she not been supported by Lord Mortimer.

He, instantly, in a hurried manner, acquainted Mr. Grenfell with the sad situation in which he had discovered her; and from which he had had the happiness of rescuing her; with her subsequent indisposition, which had rendered her so weak, that the slightest circumstance was sufficient to overcome her.

“She appears very ill indeed;” said Mr. Grenfell—“I do not know how we shall contrive to get her home. A little rest, after such agitation and fatigue as she must have undergone, would, most probably, do more towards her restoration than any thing else. But I do not know how we shall manage to get her there—perhaps, we could contrive it, Sir, between us?”

“I should think we might, Sir;”—replied Lord Mortimer, who, at the same instant attempted to raise her in his arms:

but the next moment she opened her eyes, and having uttered a deep sigh, said, with a faint smile, and a voice so languid as scarcely to be heard, "I am
"ashamed, my Lord, of being so trou-
"blesome to you—but—I am—so—weak,
"however, I am better now—I cannot
"think what is come to me!—"I weep
"at what I'm glad of."

"You will be better, my dear Ma-
"dam," said Mr. Grenfell, "when you
"have had a few hours repose."—He
then informed her of the plan they had
been going to adopt, of carrying her
home between them: but she assured
them she should now be able to walk, as
it was but a very short distance. They,
therefore, supported her, one on each
side, until she arrived at the door of her
own home; where Lord Mortimer said,
as she was so well protected, he would
now bid her farewell; and hoped he
should have the pleasure of hearing, in a
short time, that she was quite recovered.

Mr. Grenfell, to whom Lord Mortimer was personally unknown, had heard Miss Maitland address him by the title of "my Lord," and judging that he inherited the necessary passport to the notice of Lord Vaversly, entreated him not to leave them, until he had presented him to his Lordship; who would naturally feel much pleasure in having it in his power to return thanks, in person, to the deliverer of Miss Maitland.

Lord Mortimer excused himself, by saying, that having been so long from his family, they would, in all probability, be much alarmed at his absence, and that he should wish to be at home as soon as possible.—"I live at some distance," continued he, "and consequently, it will yet be sometime before I can relieve their anxiety.—Farewel, Ellinor!" said he, in a melancholy tone—"I trust we part friends?—" "May you experience every happiness!"

"For the service you have rendered

“me, my Lord,” replied she, “accept
“my warmest thanks—Alas! but for
“you, I shudder to think how wretched
“must have been my fate!—Farewel—
“my Lord!—you have my good wishes
“—but, I can never”—see you more,
she would have said, but her voice faltered, and she stopped.

He perceived her agitation—and was far from unconcerned himself—but wishing to spare her any further emotion, he once more offered her his hand, and saying, “farewel, Ellinor—may you be happy!”—hastily bowed to Mr. Grenfell, and, in a moment was out of sight.

Mr. Grenfell was at a loss to comprehend the conduct of Lord Mortimer, which seemed to him rather strange: for his parting words seemed to imply something of a former quarrel which had existed between him and Miss Maitland; whose agitation was, by him, solely attributed to the suffering and fatigue she had undergone during the night. Hav-

ing no clue, however, by which he could unravel the mystery, as he thought it would not become him to ask any questions, he remained silent, until they reached the sitting-room; where Miss Maitland had no sooner entered, than she found herself once more clasped in the affectionate embrace of Lady Vaversly, who ran eagerly to the door to meet her.

The joy of each was so overpowering, that for sometime neither of them spoke—they could only weep.—Relieved, however, by their tears, they soon grew more-composed; and in a short time were able to relate the particulars which had befallen them subsequent to their separation.

Lady Vaversly's account was comprised in a very few words; having, fortunately, met with the gentlemen immediately. But her distraction at the loss of her friend was so great, that, had she not been prevented, she would willingly have braved every danger, to have gone

in search of her. The gentlemen, likewise were extremely uneasy at her continued absence, and when the first consternation and tumult had a little subsided, proposed to go in search of her. Lady Vaversly, however, was not in a state to be left alone; and, it was finally settled, that Lord Vaversly and his son should remain with her, whilst Mr. Grenfell should proceed on his search through every part of the city.

His endeavours to find her, however, were ineffectual; and he returned without her. Lady Vaversly now yielded to despair. Had not something very dreadful have befallen her, she fancied he must have gained some traces of her: and, therefore, firmly believed that she was dead. This idea was productive of so much agony, that she was truly wretched.

Lord Vaversly attempted to comfort her, by representing, that there was yet a possibility of her returning in safety;

though he had no idea of this kind himself: but as the time wore away, and still she did not appear, the uncertainty and suspense they were compelled to endure concerning her fate, grew so insupportable, that Mr. Grenfell, at the first dawn of morning, once more set out, with the hope, though it was now a very faint one, of being able to gain some intelligence of her.

Having in his former perambulation traversed the streets of the city, he now bent his steps towards the suburbs; though, apparently, with as little prospect of success. Here, however, he made enquiries of every one he met; and entered many a dwelling, in order to gain some information, which might, perhaps, lead to a discovery of their having seen such a person. But, hitherto, without effect. All had been too much occupied by nearer interests, to notice any stranger particularly. And he was on the point of returning and giving up

the pursuit as hopeless, when he saw two persons advancing very slowly; one of whom, he fancied, bore some resemblance to her, of whom he had been so long in search. Being at some distance he could not ascertain the fact. He quickened his pace, and was soon convinced that the female was indeed Miss Maitland, who was leaning upon the arm of Lord Mortimer as before related.

Miss Maitland expressed herself much indebted to them all for their solicitude concerning her, and particularly to Mr. Grenfell for the trouble and fatigue she had occasioned him:—and then, having first taken a cup of coffee, proceeded to relate the occurrences which had befallen her during their separation: though without mentioning the name of him, who had so providentially rescued her from a situation the most dreadful.

“I shall love that man as long as I live!”—cried Lady Vaversly—who had

listened to the sad tale of her friend, with feelings of the utmost anxiety. "But, " my dear Ellinor, did you not find out " who he was?"

" Yes. — I — that is — I" — said she stammering and hesitating — " I —"

" Well! never mind now, Ellinor," — said Lady Vaversly — " Here, let me " take your cup. — Bless me! how you " tremble! — I am sure you are not " well?"

" Not very:" — replied she, languidly — " but I shall be better when I have " had a little rest."

" I would advise you both to go to " bed for a few hours," — said Lord Vaversly — " for you both require some repose. But, you did not tell us now " the name of your deliverer, Miss Maitland?"

" No; — my Lord" — said she, " I believe I did not:" and her countenance changed to an ashy paleness — " it was " Lord---Mortimer!"

“Mortimer!” exclaimed he—“was it indeed!—You astonish me!”

Lady Vaversly, though equally surprised, said nothing:—but as she contemplated the haggard looks of her friend, sighed to herself—“Poor Ellinor! “this night has been indeed to you productive of much misery!”

Miss Maitland, unable to support herself any longer, signified a wish to retire; and Lady Vaversly and her soon after quitted the room, and went to their respective apartments: where each, in the solitude of her own chamber, strove to obliterate the remembrance of past sorrow, by endeavouring to gain a few hours repose.

The late events pressed so heavily on the mind of Miss Maitland, that to sleep was impossible.—The meeting with Lord Mortimer still dwelt upon her mind, and occupied her every thought. His form was still before her eyes. She saw him, as she had once known him, amiable in

his disposition, and apparently solicitous for her welfare—yet, she knew, this could only have been the language of deceit : for, had he not injured her and her family in the tenderest points?—and was he not, what he had indeed owned himself to be—a villain !

Then, she fancied, that her own conduct had been too lenient ; and that she had not expressed herself towards him with half the indignation which he merited, or which she ought to have done. —But, how could I, thought she, when whatever might have been his former errors, I was just then indebted to him for my life !—Oh ! that I had been saved by any hand but his !—Yet he treated me very respectfully, nay even kindly—but I ought not to have listened to him—Yet, alas ! how could I avoid it !—Upon a review of the whole, however, she felt so dissatisfied with her own behaviour, (though she knew not how she could have acted dif-

ferently, in the unhappy circumstances which had thrown her into his protection) that she lay restless and disordered for some hours, unable to compose herself to sleep ; till wearied nature, at last, yielded her a respite from the harassing ideas which had so long kept her from repose.

When the females had quitted the room, Lord Vaversly said—" You saw Lord Mortimer then, Mr. Grenfell, did you?"

Mr. Grenfell, who no sooner heard the name of Mortimer, than it unravelled what had hitherto appeared mysterious, (for though his person was unknown to him, his character was by no means so) answered—" That he had walked home with them to the very door."

" A rascal !" exclaimed his Lordship—" I wonder how he could have the assurance to look her in the face !"

" Why, father ? For what reason ?"—enquired his son.

“ It is not necessary now to enter into
“ particulars, Arthur :—suffice it to say,
“ at a former period, his conduct was
“ highly reprehensible both to her, and
“ her family.”

“ Not knowing him any otherwise than
“ as the deliverer of Miss Maitland,”
said Mr. Grenfell, “ I entreated him very
“ earnestly to allow me to introduce him
“ to your Lordship ; but I could not pre-
“ vail : at the time I thought his conduct
“ very odd.”

“ No, no !”—said Lord Vaversly—
“ he knew better than that too !—He
“ was certain of not meeting with a very
“ cordial reception here. It is really un-
“ fortunate for Miss Maitland, that he
“ should just at this period be at Na-
“ ples. I know it cannot fail of being a
“ circumstance, to her, exceedingly un-
“ pleasant. It is somewhat singular,
“ that they should never have met before.”

He spoke as if he lived at some distance ; said Mr. Grenfell, at least that his family did.

“ His family ; did he?—O ! then his
“ wife is with him, I suppose !—As
“ worthless a woman as ever breathed !—
“ I cannot think how Mortimer could
“ be such a fool !—Till he knew her he
“ was generally esteemed a worthy fel-
“ low—but his conduct towards the
“ Maitland’s, must for ever stamp him a
“ rascal !”

During this conversation, Arthur had thrown himself upon the sofa, and towards the conclusion fell asleep ; which is easily accounted for, when it is recollected, that he had not been in bed the whole night. This being perceived by his father, he ordered one of the servants to bring a coverlid of some kind and throw over him ; and then left him to enjoy a sound sleep ; whilst himself and Mr. Grenfell sought another method to shake off the weariness which they likewise found to be stealing over them, by taking a ramble, as it was much cooler than it had been, in the open air.

Whilst they were out of doors, they received information that the Lava had swept over the whole town of Torre-del-greco, which was now entirely buried; and that not a trace of it remained, except the spire of one church, which arose far above any of the others, the very top of which might still be seen; though no vestige of any other kind could be discovered, which might denote the spot where the town so lately stood. Several minutes having elapsed between the first explosion, which shook every house to its foundation, and the descent of the Lava, the inhabitants, very fortunately, had sufficient time allowed them to escape, and what was very wonderful! there was not one missing!

The neighbouring town of Resina had very narrowly escaped sharing the same fate. A stream of Lava, similar to that which proved so fatal to Torre-del-greco, had threatened the destruction of Resina; but, happily, before it reached the town,

divided itself into many channels, each taking a contrary direction. One of these, however, was sufficient to set on fire several houses; which communicating to those adjoining, nearly destroyed the whole town: and it appeared, the next day, little else than a heap of ruins. Here and there a house was spared, and, as it happened, almost all the churches: but the principal streets presented a sad scene of horror and desolation.

The inhabitants, as well as those of Torre-del-greco, had been compelled to seek refuge in Naples; and the poorer orders had, for the most part, lost their all, and were entirely ruined. The shock had come so suddenly upon them, that they could save nothing—they had scarcely time to escape themselves. And it was a sight the most distressing to see them wandering about the streets of Naples, wringing their hands, and lamenting their hard fate.

Lord Vaversly, though proud, did not

want for humanity, and commiserating their unhappy lot, determined to set the Neapolitans an English fashion, by proposing a subscription for these unfortunate people; to which it was his intention to subscribe a handsome sum himself. This he resolved to put into immediate execution, whilst the recent events were still fresh upon their minds. He returned home full of his intended project—and to the enjoyment of that delightful sensation, which a prospect of being able to relieve the woes of others never fails to introduce.

The family again assembled at the hour of dinner. And when Miss Maitland entered the room, Lord Waversly congratulated her on her improved looks—for the former ghastly paleness of her countenance was now succeeded by a crimson flush, which, to a common observer, denoted an appearance of returning health, but which, in reality, was a certain presage of disease. She thanked him, and

with a faint smile seated herself at the dinner table ;—but she could not eat ;—and her spirits had entirely fled. No complaint, however, escaped her ; and her languor was solely attributed to the unpleasant scenes, in which she had been recently engaged. Towards evening she grew so ill, that Lady Vaversly persuaded her to go to bed :—where she passed such a restless night ; that when Susan entered her chamber the next morning, she found her so unwell, that she thought it necessary to acquaint Lady Vaversly—who persuaded her instantly to have advice. A physician was accordingly sent for ; who pronounced her to be in a high fever—brought on, he had no doubt, by fatigue and anxiety of mind—and ordered her to be kept extremely quiet, as the slightest agitation, in her present state, might be attended with fatal consequences.

For a week she remained in the most imminent danger, and for two days was

completely insensible. During the whole time she had been attended by Susan and Lady Vaversly, who had watched over her with the affectionate solicitude of a sister, though she was, at times, nearly overcome herself. The crisis of her disorder being past, she began to recover; and Lady Vaversly had the satisfaction of seeing her once more able to sit up, and to thank her for the kindness and attention she had shewn during the whole period of her illness. In a few days she was sufficiently recovered to admit of a short visit from the gentlemen; and had the pleasure of hearing Lord Vaversly say—that it was his intention, provided she had no objection, to quit Naples on their return home, as soon as she felt well enough to undertake the journey. This was a circumstance highly pleasing to her:—for the idea of a future meeting with Lord Mortimer hung upon her spirits, and had, hitherto, retarded her complete restoration. To quit Na-

ples had been her ardent wish. She therefore assured him of her readiness to leave it as soon as she should regain her strength; “which,” added she, “I hope “will be very soon effected, for I am “already much better, and I trust I “shall soon be able to travel.”

“I hope you will;”—returned he—though from her appearance, which was almost that of a skeleton, he fancied the time was far distant when she would be able to undertake so long a journey.

The gentlemen now left the room; and, Miss Maitland, after a little hesitation, enquired of her friend, whether she had seen or heard any thing of Lord Mortimer since that unlucky night, when she had been compelled to endure his company for so long a period?

“We have not seen any thing of him;” replied she, “but we have heard of him, “or from him I should say, frequently— “for he has sent every day, from the “first of your illness to enquire after

“you. Yesterday and to-day are, I believe, the only ones he has missed—but as he received so favourable an account on the one preceding, I suppose he now judges your recovery as certain, and has therefore discontinued his enquiries.”

“Is his—wife with him?—do you know?”—enquired Miss Maitland:—“or, is he alone at Naples?”

“Lady Mortimer is with him, I believe;—at least so I have been given to understand.”

“Pray, Heaven! that we may never meet!”—exclaimed Miss Maitland, fervently.

“Nay, it is not very likely that you should;” resumed her friend.

“O! that I was able to leave Naples immediately!” cried Miss Maitland.—“It has been an unlucky place to us, I am sure!”

“Come, come,” said Lady Vaversly, who perceived from Miss Maitland’s

change of countenance, that this was a subject not likely to be of any benefit to her—" as head nurse, Ellinor, I ought " not to suffer you to converse any " longer at present. Your looks convince me that you have talked too " much already: therefore, I shall now " order you to lie down; and will call " Susan to occupy my place, whilst I " go and have a little chat with my Lord " and Arthur."

A few evenings after, Lady Vaversly, whose increasing debility seldom permitted her to walk far from home, had accompanied her husband in a short turn upon the Quay; and Miss Maitland, who, though she was mending rapidly, had not yet quitted her chamber, had placed herself at the open lattice to enjoy the pure breezes, as they blew freshly from the water. The evening was uncommonly beautiful—the firmament was spangled with innumerable stars, whose brilliancy was again reflected on the bo-

som of the ocean—whilst the gay groups parading the public walk, rendered the whole scene at once animated and striking.

How I should enjoy a walk this sweet evening, thought Miss Maitland. Health ! what an inestimable blessing art thou ! Those who have never lost thee, know not the value of the treasure they possess : but those who have—may be truly said to have lost every thing with thee !—Deprived of thy cheering influence, we then —*and then only*—learn properly to appreciate the real value of the blessing !

Occupied in these kind of reflections, she remained some time with her eyes fixed on the scene before her, when she saw a person on the promenade, whom she believed to be Lord Mortimer ; but being at a considerable distance, she could not distinctly ascertain whether it was really him or not. This totally changed the current of her ideas. She blessed the indisposition which had caus-

ed her to remain at home ; for there was scarcely any pain but what she would contentedly have borne, had the alternative been a meeting with Lord Mortimer.—Ah ! thought she, ungrateful creatures that we are ! we know not what is best or proper for us !—yet are continually repining, if every thing does not turn out exactly as we would have it—when, perhaps, the very circumstance which to our limited view, appears most adverse to our wishes, may be the very one, eventually, to lead us on to happiness !—

Though Miss Maitland continued to mend daily, several weeks elapsed before her strength was sufficiently restored, to permit her to travel. Her physician had recommended short walks in the open air—but her dread of meeting either with Lord or Lady Mortimer, had rendered her unwilling to stir out of doors. Lady Vaversly, too, had, for sometime, been even more debilitated than usual. But,

at length, the time arrived, when they were both sufficiently convalescent to commence their journey; and an early day was fixed to quit this splendid city.

They left Naples early in the morning; and as the city and the mountain receded from their view, they experienced a feeling of security from danger, to which the females, at least, had long been strangers—and the idea of having parted for ever with this terrific neighbour, removed from their minds such a weight of terror, that they were unusually cheerful, and disposed to enjoy the beautiful scenery, which, every turn of the road, presented with endless variety to their view.

As two of the party were invalids, they travelled only a few miles each day. Accordingly, on the first went no further than St. Agado; where, however, they found the accommodations so bad, that they determined on the next, if it were possible, to reach Terracina, that they

might enjoy that comfort, so necessary to travellers, a good bed. From Terracina they proceeded on to Veletri ; where they again slept ; and on the following evening arrived at Rome.

Relieved from the dread of a meeting with Lord or Lady Mortimer, which had constantly hung upon her spirits, whilst at Naples, Miss Maitland now walked out daily, and her strength was very soon completely restored. Lady Vaversly, on the contrary, grew gradually weaker and weaker, and her looks, which had never before altered materially, now wore a pallid hue, which alarmed her husband and friends exceedingly. Yet she persisted in saying she felt no worse than usual ; and, therefore, after staying at Rome only a few days, they again set forward on their journey.

As they came through Perugia, they returned by way of Sienna ; and stopt the first night at Viterbo, after a charming days ride from Rome hither, without

having encountered any mountains either to ascend or descend; the road, a circumstance very unusual in Italy, laying all upon a fine level. Having passed through Redicofani, and entered Tuscany, the picturesque scenery again attracted their attention; and as they approached Sienna, the villa's of the Noblesse appeared beautifully situated upon the sides of the mountains, amid the dark woods, which, in some places, partly overshadowed them. They remained one day at Sienna to view the paintings in the Cathedral, and on the next, to the great joy of Lady Vaversly, who was now seriously ill, arrived at Florence.

The heat was here so excessive, that it was almost unbearable—it seemed nearly to equal that which had been felt at Naples, previous to the eruption of Vesuvius; and Lady Vaversly was so much overcome by it, that her husband judged it necessary to have medical advice. A

Physician, therefore, was sent for ; who gave it as his opinion that she could not long survive ; and, if her friends wished to get her home, no time was to be lost, or it was but too probable, she would speedily be unable to undertake the journey. She was, herself, likewise, extremely anxious to reach Raimondi (for she appeared perfectly sensible of her own danger,) that she might once more embrace her darling Olivia—and they, accordingly, after staying but a very few days at Florence, quitted it, though by very easy stages for Leghorn, where they intended to embark for France.

Here, likewise, a rumour reached them, which would have expedited their departure from Italy, had they not previously intended it. Which was, that a war had been declared between France and Italy ; and that the republic had already sent out an army, commanded by an experienced General, named Buonaparte, and that there was a talk of

his going to attempt, if he had not, indeed, already attempted, to force a passage over the Alps—though every one who spoke of this desperate exploit, felt confident that it never could be successful. However, it was but too probable, that Italy would now become the seat of war—and our travellers were not sorry they were on the point of leaving it—and, accordingly set sail the next morning from the port of Leghorn, in a vessel bound to Marseilles; at which place they landed safely in the course of a few hours—having had a fair wind during the whole passage.

The sweet hope of once again embracing her daughter, animated and enlivened the spirits of Lady Vaversly, who was now so weak as scarcely to be able to sit up without support; and had become, in a short time so emaciated in her appearance, that her friends were sometimes apprehensive, as they were obliged to travel very slow, that she

would not, even now, be able to get as far as Raimondi. Hope, however, was the cordial that supported her—for she would not hear of stopping to rest—but entreated so earnestly to go on, that, to indulge her, they complied—though they almost feared that she would expire upon the road. With the help of a few drops in a little water when she was faint, she appeared more cheerful than any one of the party, whose spirits were saddened by the idea of her approaching dissolution, which now seemed inevitable, and which they feared would take place in a very short time. She, however, contrary to their expectations, kept up until their arrival at Raimondi, where she met her little Olivia with all the fond feelings of maternal affection—and the next moment sunk upon the sofa in a fainting fit, which lasted so long, that Miss Maitland began to fear she was gone for ever. However, she once more revived; but was so weak and languid as to require

the aid of pillows for her support ; though when Miss Maitland left her in the evening, she appeared in good spirits, and assured her she should be quite another thing the next day, after a good night's rest in her own bed—whilst her friend thought it but too probable that she might never rise again.

CHAP. II.

If every man's internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would our pity share,
 Who raise our envy now.

THE pleasure Miss Maitland would have experienced upon her return to her own home, and to her little affectionate Emily, (to whom she was in every respect as a parent,) was damped by the sad prospect which appeared before her eyes, of the loss of her beloved friend ; who, she was well assured, could not live many days, and who, it was very possible, she might never see again : for when she bade her farewell, she had more

the semblance of a corpse, than an inhabitant of this world ; so rapidly had she been reduced within a very short period.

Madame St. Valery called for a few moments, but finding Miss Maitland in tears, did not wish to intrude upon her sorrow ; of which she readily guessed the cause ; and, therefore, quickly took her leave—though not before Miss Maitland had attempted to thank her as well as she was able, for her kindness and attention to the children during their absence.

“ Madame St. Valery is very good-natured,” said Emily, directly she was gone—“ and so she does not like to see any body cry—nor I neither—for it always makes me unhappy.—I thought we should all be so merry when you came home again !—but dear me ! how different it has turned out !—Do you know, Madeline said, that we should never have any more sorrow, when once we

“ got back to the Chateau—but, you
“ see, she knew nothing at all about it.”

“ Was not you happy then, my dear?
“ at the convent during our absence?”—
enquired Miss Maitland.

“ O yes—but then it was not like be-
“ ing at home, you know—and Madeline
“ used often to say, that she had rather
“ live at the Chateau, even if she was
“ sure to face a ghost, than be cooped
“ up in a Convent like the poor Nuns—
“ and, I do think, so would I.”—

“ I am afraid Madeline was discon-
“ tented then at the convent,” returned
Miss Maitland—“ but I hope she con-
“ ducted herself properly, or I shall be
“ very angry with her.”

“ O yes; that she did”—said Emily,
warmly—“ for Madeline is a very good-
“ natured girl—to be sure, she did quar-
“ rel sometimes with the Abbess, but,
“ dear me! so did every body—for,
“ there is not a Nun but what hates her—
“ Do you know, Madeline says, that if

“any of them were only once to look
“at a man, she would instantly order
“them to be buried alive!—only think
“how shocking!”

“There are rules at every convent,
“my dear,” said Miss Maitland, “which
“the nuns, on their first profession, take
“an oath to obey; and, therefore, they
“know what they have to trust to.—An
“oath is a sacred engagement which
“ought to be binding—though as to be-
“ing buried alive, I do not give much
“credit to it.”

“Madeline says, though, it is very
“true—and, another thing there is, why
“she is so glad you are come home, be-
“cause the vintage begins next month,
“and she was so afraid she should not
“be able to get out, to go to her father’s;
“and she used to say, she was sorry to
“see the grapes getting ripe in the gar-
“dens of the convent, for fear it should
“be all over before you came back.”

Madeline now entered to take the lit-

tle chatterer to bed—and Miss Maitland said, she was sorry to find that she had not been very comfortably situated at the convent.

“ O dear !” said Madeline, “ it is
“ not a pleasant place to be sure, to live
“ in !—but, I did not mind for a little
“ while—for what with their scolding—
“ and quarrelling—and ringing of bells—
“ and praying—and threatening to bury
“ ’em alive—(I am sure they are almost
“ as bad as that already)—and calling ’em
“ up in the night to prayers—and one bad
“ thing or another—why, it is not an
“ agreeable place at all—and I was, to
“ say the truth, Madame, heartily glad
“ to get away.”

Though ill attuned to mirth, Miss Maitland could not forbear smiling at Madeline’s curious description of the interior of a Convent ; which, if a true picture, she could not but allow, must be a most uncomfortable place to reside in ; and was not in the least surprised at the girl’s eagerness and joy to get away.

Emily now kissing her Benefactress, wished her good night, and quitted the room with Madeline—and Miss Maitland, whose spirits were much depressed, and who felt considerably fatigued after her journey, merely staid to partake of a slight repast, before she also retired to her own apartment.

Immediately after breakfast on the following morning, she hastened with a beating heart to see her friend ; but when she came to the door she trembled, and could scarcely articulate an enquiry of the servant who opened it, lest his answer should announce the tidings of her death.

This melancholy intelligence she was, however, for the present, spared—for he only said—he believed she was much the same, as she had been the day before.

Relieved from the dread which had hung upon her spirits during her walk from the Chateau, she tripped lightly up stairs, and entering the saloon, found her friend already up, and sitting upon

the sofa, apparently no worse than she was when they parted on the preceding evening.

The gentlemen were all out. Lord Vaversly having rode over to Montpellier, to fetch the Physician, who had attended her, previous to their journey to Italy, though he had not advised that measure—and Mr. Grenfell and Arthur had accompanied him.

The attendant having withdrawn, and Lady Vaversly being alone with Miss Maitland, requested her, very solemnly, once more to promise, that, when she was dead, she would take charge of her little Olivia. — “For Arthur,” added she, “I have not so many fears, nor so much anxiety—his sex, as he grows older, will enable him to take care of himself. — But a female is situated very differently in life—alas! in how many ways is her happiness liable to be destroyed! — Their father, though fond of his children, may, and will, most probably,

“ marry again—and to some lady of high
“ rank, no doubt—who may, perhaps,
“ slight my poor girl, in consideration of
“ the obscure birth of her mother.—But
“ you will protect her—O, yes!—I know
“ you will!—for have you not already
“ promised, that you would look upon her
“ as a daughter—and that she should
“ share your affections with the little de-
“ serted Emily?”

Miss Maitland, though much affected at this request, endeavoured not to suffer her emotion to appear, but readily gave her the assurance she so earnestly desired—at the same time telling her, that it was possible she might yet recover—“ For,
“ recollect, my dear Mary,” added she,
“ how very lately I was at the very thresh-
“ hold of the grave, and yet I was, at
“ length, restored—and who knows,” said she, attempting a cheerfulness very foreign to her heart, “ whether it may
“ not turn out just the same with you.”

“ No, Ellinor,” replied Lady Vaversly,

faintly, “ mine is a very different case—
“ I feel, to a certainty, that I shall not
“ long survive—perhaps, not many days.
“ —Parting with my children, and my
“ other dear connexions, is painful—very
“ painful!—otherwise, there is little in
“ this world to regret.—I have, I know,
“ been generally reckoned fortunate—
“ particularly fortunate—even beyond
“ the common lot!—To many, no doubt,
“ an object of envy!—Yet, alas!—my
“ life, as you can witness, my dear Elli-
“ nor, has not been a happy one—and
“ were it not for you—my husband—and
“ my children—I could instantly resign
“ it without a murmur.—My beloved
“ mother! and my affectionate brother!
“ I have seldom been permitted to asso-
“ ciate with, or even to see, since I became
“ the wife of Lord Vaversly.—I was
“ compelled to submit to this deprivation
“ —but it was painful—very painful!—
“ and entirely destroyed my happiness.—
“ I endeavoured to forbear the language

“ of complaint ; for, alas ! I knew it
“ would have been unavailing—but it
“ pressed acutely upon my mind, and
“ corroded inwardly !—However,” added
she, sighing deeply, “ it is in vain to
“ talk of this now—we shall meet, I trust,
“ in a better world !”

Miss Maitland again struggled to subdue her emotion, for she was deeply affected at the melancholy account which her friend had given, of the state of mind, in which she had passed so many years—at a time, too, when the world in general considered her as one of the peculiar favourites of Fortune. Alas ! thought she, how little can be judged of the happiness of others by outward appearances !—She, who was envied by so many, when exalted to the rank of Lady Vaversly, and believed, by those who envied her, to be possessed of every blessing upon earth,—was, in a very short time, convinced, that other requisites were necessary, than rank or

riches, to constitute happiness — and that her future prospects presented little else, than a scene of splendid misery. Many a time had she heard her regret her former happy obscurity; and had very little doubt, but that her uneasiness of mind, had brought on her present complaint, which would, almost to a certainty, terminate in death. She, however, endeavoured to assume an appearance of cheerfulness, and said — “that, perhaps, when she had recovered the fatigue of her journey, she might again get better, as she did, after their first arrival at Florence.”

Lady Vaversly looking stedfastly at her, said — “No, Ellinor, I have no such hope — nor have you — but it is kindly meant — yet, I can be no longer deceived — for I feel that I am dying. — Never let Olivia barter her happiness for rank or riches — but persuade her to marry one who is upon equality with herself. Unequal matches are seldom happy! —

“ Were she to remain single, it would be
“ better for herself—for, alas ! how few
“ marriages are found to be productive of
“ felicity to the woman !—But, it is al-
“ most impossible to persuade a young
“ person of this ; girls are eager to be-
“ come wives—and they soon find, when
“ it is too late, that they have exchanged
“ a life of happiness and liberty, for one,
“ where it is but too probable, that
“ happiness and liberty will never more
“ be found.”

The conversation was here interrupted by Lord Vaversly, who, with the Physician, entered the apartment. The latter appeared both surprised and shocked at the change which a few months had made in the form and countenance of his patient, who sat upon the sofa supported by pillows, the very shadow of her former self. After ordering her some medicine calculated to sustain her drooping spirits, rather than as a remedy for any of those ailments, of which she had complained,

he left the room, and was followed instantly by his Lordship, who requested of him his real opinion of Lady Vaversly's malady, without disguise.—This appeal, he seemed at first, unwilling to comply with: but, being solicited with much earnestness by his Lordship, he declared it was his opinion, that a few days would terminate her life. “A week,” added he, “is the utmost you have any reason to expect—but, it is more probable that her death will take place in the course of a day or two. I would have you be prepared for what must now, inevitably, happen very shortly, for, to say truth, I would not be answerable for her life an hour.”

Though this was no more than Lord Vaversly had expected, yet he was almost overcome by this decided opinion of the Physician, who, he had suffered himself to entertain a hope, might, possibly, be able to retard the threatened blow, though

he knew it was unavailing to expect a cure. He fondly loved his wife, though his haughty disposition had effectually destroyed her happiness; and he could not bear the idea, that she would, in a few days, be lost to him for ever. He now repented that he had not gone to England, in compliance with her wishes, instead of the journey to Italy—for, he had no doubt, but that the fright she had experienced at Naples, during that night of alarm and horror, had tended, in a considerable degree, to accelerate the progress of decay.—But these reflections were now too late to benefit the object who inspired them; and, therefore, turning to the Physician, who had respected his feelings too much to interrupt him, he enquired—whether it was not very unusual for a person, even if they were in her situation, to decline at last so rapidly?

The Physician assured him, that it was a very common circumstance,—too many

Instances of a similar nature came before him. "Though it was not at all unlikely," he added, "but that in Lady Vaversly's case, her death had been hastened, by what he had been telling him concerning the eruption of Vesuvius—not brought on," continued he, "but hastened; for, from the very first of my attendance upon Lady Vaversly, I was of opinion, that her disorder would be fatal." He now left Raimondi, promising to return in the evening; and Lord Vaversly hurried to his own apartment, to yield to the anguish that oppressed him, by the unrestrained indulgence of a flood of tears.

When he had, in some degree, regained his composure, he returned to his wife's apartment, where she was still in earnest conversation with Miss Maitland. She spoke to him cheerfully—but the recollection of his recent conference with the Physician, pressed upon his mind, and renewed his emotion to a degree so pain-

ful, that in order to conceal it from her observation, he answered her in a hurried manner, and hastily quitted the room.

Miss Maitland perceived that he was unusually affected, and readily guessing the cause, was obliged to walk to the window, to conceal the tears, which started in her own eyes, from the sad conviction that there was no longer any hope. Lady Vaversly said—she feared she was not well. “And my Lord, too,” added she, “looked, I thought, as if the “heat had affected him: and yet, it is so “trifling here, to what it was in Italy, “that I should imagine you were both “pretty well inured to it by this time.”

Miss Maitland was glad to find she entertained no suspicion of the real cause of their emotion; and having struggled to subdue it, and to wear an appearance of calmness, staid with her the rest of the day. She wished, indeed, to have remained with her during the night; but

Lady Vaversly begged that she would not: "for I shall think myself ill, indeed," "Ellinor," continued she, "if you are so unwilling to leave me even for one night."

Miss Maitland, therefore, bade her farewell in the evening, and pursued her melancholy way to her own dwelling. Little Emily was ready to go to bed; and had only waited the return of her Benefactress, to wish her good night—she was, consequently, left to her own reflections, which were of a most mournful cast. It was not at all unlikely, but, that she had taken leave of her friend for ever! for she was so weak, and her voice had grown so much fainter during the day, that she scarcely imagined it possible, that she should find her alive in the morning. Impressed with these sad ideas, she sat for sometime, in a pensive posture, leaning her head upon her hand; when, at last, the heat, and her own sad feelings became so oppressive, that she

arose, and throwing open the folding-doors, which led into the garden, stood for sometime in the door-way to enjoy the freshness of the air. She found this so reviving, that she was induced to take a turn or two in the garden, in the hope that the cool breeze of evening might relieve the oppressive sensation she felt at her heart:—and for this purpose, wandered down the slope, which gradually descended from the Chateau to a low wall that overhung the waters of the Mediterranean.

Here she remained a considerable time, with her arms resting upon the wall, and her eyes fixed upon the heavens, until she observed a heavy cloud advancing, by slow degrees, from the south, and others gathering together over her head, which threatened an approaching tempest. She continued, however, to watch their progress for some minutes, until the dark clouds had nearly overspread the atmosphere, and reflected a still darker hue

upon the water, except where the edges of the waves dashed their white foam upon the surface, as they rolled over each other, in hoarse murmurs towards the shore.

This scene appeared, at the present moment, congenial to her feelings—and she would have remained there much longer, had not a vivid flash of lightning, which darted across the surface of the deep, warned her to retire to a place of greater safety. As she slowly ascended the path, which led to the Chateau, a rustling among the bushes somewhat startled her. She stopt, and listened.—The noise continued:—and she almost expected to see some one emerge from the foliage.—She now recollected the tale, related at a former period, by Madeline, and her mind, weakened by her late illness, and her anxiety for Lady Vaversly, yielded, for a few moments, to the influence of superstition, and she fancied that the figure would appear.

Her delusion, however, was but for a few moments—for feeling a few drops of wet upon her arm, she felt instantly convinced that her alarm had been merely occasioned by the pattering of the rain among the bushes. Ashamed of having suffered herself to be terrified at so ridiculous an idea, she quickened her pace, in order to reach the Chateau, previous to the commencement of the storm. Heavy drops of rain now announced its near approach, and the lightning flashing vividly and frequently over the path before her, served to render the succeeding darkness more deep and gloomy. Fearing that she should yet be overtaken by the tempest, ere she could get to a place of shelter, she attempted to run; but the ground being upon an ascent, and the wind blowing furiously, her progress was rather impeded than accelerated, for she was compelled to stop for want of breath. The rain was now beginning to fall in torrents, and she was nearly wet through

before she regained the Chateau ; where she seated herself in the first chair that offered to her view , completely fatigued and exhausted.

When she recovered her breath, she rang the bell for Susan to assist her in changing her dress :— which having done, and Susan withdrawn, she endeavoured to beguile the time by reading. Her attention, however, was speedily diverted from the book, by the fury of the tempest, which raged without. The wind blew violently, whilst the forked lightning darted through the lattices, and was succeeded by such heavy peals of thunder, that they seemed not only to shake the Chateau to its foundation, but almost to threaten its destruction.

Her whole frame shivered as she sat alone, listening to this war of elements, whilst the roaring of the waves added to the awful sublimity of the hour. It brought to her mind the night of horror she had passed at Naples, when the whole

town of Torre-del-greco had been destroyed. Here, however, she had the consolation to reflect, was no volcanic mountain to appal and terrify, and to spread death and desolation on all around; and she endeavoured to subdue those sensations of horror, which the raging of the tempest, from without, had occasioned her to feel.

Though she was, in some degree, successful, yet the scene at Naples dwelt upon her mind, and with it the remembrance of Lord Mortimer—but this was a subject, on which she never suffered her thoughts to rest, and, therefore, once more had recourse to her book.

The storm appeared now to have spent its rage, and was gradually subsiding. The lightning was fainter, and less frequent; and the thunder now only rolled at a distance: the wind, too, was far less violent, and the roaring of the ocean could no longer be heard, so tremendously dashing its waves over the low wall

that terminated the garden. In the course of half an hour it had entirely ceased. All was perfectly tranquil. And when she retired for the night to her own apartment, and unclosed the window before she went to rest, no traces of the late storm could be distinguished, so calm ! so peaceful ! every thing appeared. The stars, contrasted with the preceding darkness, seemed to glitter in the heavens with even more than their usual brilliancy, and the heavy clouds were seen rapidly dispersing over the summits of the distant Pyrenees, whose outlines were distinctly visible. The scene was soothing to her mind, and pleasing ; but fancying she felt a dampness in the air, she closed the window, and endeavoured to seek repose.

When she set out the next morning to see her friend, every object seemed newly animated. The rain of the preceding evening had heightened the beauty of the verdure, and caused numberless flow-

ers to spring up, whose fragrance impregnated the air with their delicious odour, and shed their balmy sweets around. Here and there the effects of the late storm might be discovered, by large branches torn from some of the loftiest trees, which laid scattered upon the ground, and one was completely rooted up by the extreme violence of the wind. Yet the calm beauty of the morning refreshed her spirits, though when she arrived at the door of the villa, she dreaded to enter, lest the first intelligence she received, should be that of her friend's death.

Contrary to her expectations, she found Lady Vaversly rather better than worse, though her voice was even fainter than it had been the preceding evening—and she continued so the whole of that day. But on the next, a visible change had taken place. She now spoke so low, that her accents could hardly be distinguished—yet she seemed to wish to talk, and to

have all her family about her.—Little Emily, in compliance with her wishes, was sent for ; and she exhorted her children, very seriously, always to consider her as their sister. “ She has no parents,” said she, solemnly—“ and, though she “ has been so fortunate as to meet with a “ kind friend, who will never suffer her “ to feel the want of them—yet—I should “ wish—that you would consider her as “ one of the same family—particularly “ you my dear Olivia—and my beloved “ Ellinor will be a mother to you both. “ The events of life are precarious and “ ever changing—though so happily situated now, she may, at some future “ period, need your assistance and protection—or—it is possible—so uncertain “ is every thing in this world, that the “ time may come, when you may need “ hers.—Cultivate, therefore, a sisterly “ affection between you ;—and suffer no “ future engagement to break it through. “ Never marry for rank or riches only ;—

“ but rather seek for those solid qualities
“ of the mind, which can alone be pro-
“ ductive of felicity :—and, be particular
“ in choosing one, who is nearly upon an
“ equality with yourself.—Disproportion-
“ ate alliances are never happy !”

Lord Vaversly, who had been out of the room, whilst his wife had been speaking, now entered ; and Lady Vaversly, quite exhausted by this earnest address to her daughter, was compelled to recline, at full length, upon the sofa, and to cease speaking. The young people were sent out of the room :—and Miss Maitland took her station by the side of her friend, who was perfectly tranquil, and apparently sinking to repose.

Lord Vaversly and herself continued to gaze upon the emaciated, beloved form, lying stretched before them, until a servant entered, and announced the dinner to be upon table. Miss Maitland now leaving her to the care of her attendant, followed Lord Vaversly to the

dining parlour : where, however, she did not long remain : for having taken a hasty meal; she once more returned to Lady Vaversly's apartment, whom she found still reposing, in exactly the same state in which she had left her.

Re-seating herself by the side of the sofa, she desired the attendant would go to her dinner, whilst she would occupy her station during her absence. The servant immediately withdrew.

She remained for some time silently watching the pallid countenance of her friend, who still laid very quiet, and apparently sleeping. At length she opened her eyes, and said very faintly—"Are you there, Ellinor?"

Miss Maitland having answered in the affirmative, and asked her if she should get her any thing—she said, but so low that her words could scarcely be distinguished, "No—nothing"—at the same time endeavouring to raise herself.—But the effort was beyond her strength.—

With the assistance of Miss Maitland this was, at length, effected;—and she attempted once more to articulate—but the words died away upon her lips.—After the pause of a few moments, she was, however, once more enabled to say—“Ellinor — farewel! — Be a mother to “poor Olivia—and—may heaven bless” ———then heaving a deep sigh, sunk back a corpse into the arms of her friend.

Miss Maitland, thinking she had only fainted, was very little alarmed; having lately been accustomed frequently to see her in the same way. She, therefore, softly laid her head upon the pillow, whilst she went to get some drops of a restorative nature, which only stood upon the table; and having poured out a few into a glass of water, endeavoured to raise her head, for the purpose of getting a little down her throat. In doing this, she was struck by the ghastly paleness of her countenance, very different to what she had hitherto seen in it; and finding her

teeth clenched, and an icy chillness over her whole frame, the truth flashed instantly upon her mind ; and, overcome by the united effects of surprise, grief, and horror, she uttered a faint shriek, and sunk senseless by her side.

In this situation she was found a few minutes afterwards by Lord Vaversly, who entered the room accompanied by the Physician. Seeing them both lying upon the sofa apparently senseless, they were exceedingly alarmed. Lady Vaversly was immediately discovered to be so in reality—but Miss Maitland was instantly conveyed to another apartment, and the proper remedies applied for her restoration.—She soon recovered the use of her faculties, and felt acutely, that her friend was lost to her for ever!—She wished to have a last look, and was returning, for that purpose, to the room, from which she had been carried, but was prevented by the Physician, who declared

it would be highly improper; that the attendants were now paying the last sad duties to the deceased. "And, not only "that, my dear Madam," added he, "but "you are vastly more fit to go to bed; "and, therefore, I shall certainly order "you to lie down for an hour or two."

With this advice she, though rather reluctantly, complied — but before she went home in the evening, she once more entered the apartment of her friend, and imprinting, upon her cold lips, a parting kiss, bade her an eternal farewell!

Lord Vaversly, in the mean time, had shut himself up in his own room, and given way to the first violence of grief, by all those methods, which a mind unused to disappointment, usually displays upon the like occasions. He walked about the apartment with the air of a madman, and his sobs were distinctly audible, even in the rooms below. But this violence of grief, is never of long continuance; — towards evening he grew

more composed, and able to join his family at the supper table.

Grief, in the mind of Miss Maitland, was productive of quite a contrary effect. Hers, was the more silent anguish of the heart; deep, but not loud; sincere, but not obtrusive. She mourned the loss of her friend—one whom she had loved with the fondest affection—and, in the first moments of their separation, felt, as if left alone in a world, which, for her, possessed no longer any comfort. But here Religion coming to her aid, pointed out an alleviation to her sorrow—and enabled her to look forward, with the hope of a blissful re-union, in another world, beyond the grave!

CHAP. III.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

GRAY.

WHEN she returned to the Chateau, the image of her deceased friend was ever present to her imagination, and all little Emily's artless attempts to engage her in conversation, or to make her smile, were of no avail; she could think of nothing but her lost friend. At length the child went to bed, and she was left alone; when she gave free and unrestrained indulgence to the misery that oppressed her, by weeping, for some time, without ceasing.

After a sleepless night, she arose the next morning, pale and unrefreshed, and, soon after breakfast, received a note from Lord Vaversly, to request, that she would have the kindness to come to the villa, as he wished to consult her upon an affair of importance. He apologized for the necessity he was under of troubling her to come to him, by telling her, that his present situation precluded him from the possibility of leaving his own house.

Though very unwell, she complied with his request; and found him much more composed than she had any reason to expect, from the violence of his grief the day before. He informed her, that it was his intention to accompany the remains of his wife to England, as he should not choose her to be interred in any other place, than in the family vault, where the remains of his ancestors had been deposited for a long succession of years: and that it would be necessary to set out immediately, as the length of the

journey was such, that it would take a very long while to accomplish. And he wished to know, whether she would think proper to accompany them.

This was a subject, for which she was totally unprepared, and on which she knew not what was proper to resolve. With her mind harassed and grieved, and her whole frame languid and unnerved, to undertake so long a journey, upon so melancholy an occasion too, seemed an effort beyond her strength, and which, at the present juncture, she had not sufficient fortitude to encounter. — Yet to continue at Raimondi, when it was deserted by all her friends, appeared at once so forlorn and desolate, that she was at a loss what to answer—and, at last said—that she would turn the subject in her mind, and let Lord Vaversly know the next day, the result of her deliberations.

When she reached her own home, she endeavoured to reflect seriously upon

what would be the best plan for her to adopt. Sometimes, she had partly made up her mind, to accompany his Lordship, and make one in the melancholy procession—but at others, she shrunk involuntarily from the thought. In this state of indecision she passed some hours, until she grew so unwell, and her head ached so violently, that she was compelled to retire early to bed, without coming to any determination, and to defer her cogitations until the next morning.

The next morning, however, she arose so feverish, and her indisposition had so much increased, that she gave up all thoughts of going to England with Lord Vaversly; and as she was unable to go herself to the villa, which she had promised to do the day before, she sent him a note to that effect.

Her disorder, though violent in its first attack, was nothing more than a cold, attended with a considerable share of fever, the consequence of being caught

in the storm, and getting her clothes wetted, a few evenings before. She was obliged, however, to keep in doors for a day or two, until its first violence had abated; when, taking little Emily with her as a companion, she walked gently towards the abode of Lord Vaversly—being anxious to know when he purposed to commence his journey to England, or what part of his family it was his intention to take with him.

He appeared rejoiced to see her—and said—that he meant to give up the villa entirely, and take all his family with him to England, except Olivia, — “who, I “flatter myself,” continued he, “you “will be kind enough to take the charge “of, and suffer her to remain with you “until I return and fetch her—which I “purpose doing in the following spring.”

Miss Maitland signified her willing acquiescence, and assured him she would watch over his child with the care and affection of a mother—as she had, indeed,

promised her beloved friend in her last moments. "But there will be no necessity for you," added she, "to come and fetch her, for, in all probability, I shall return to England myself, at no very distant period."

"I shall certainly travel," resumed his Lordship, "as soon as I have settled my son at one of the public schools, where I mean that he shall continue for a few years, preparatory to his being entered at Cambridge—I must have change of scene—and I may as well pursue my route towards Raimondi, to fetch my daughter, as to any other place. Should it then suit you to return to England, you can, if you please, accompany me and Olivia back; as you may not perhaps like the idea of undertaking so long a journey, alone and unprotected."

Miss Maitland, however, assured him him, she entertained no fears of that nature. "Recollect," said she, I travelled from England hither, without any other

“ protection, than that of my servants;
“ and I should have no scruples in re-
“ turning exactly in the same way. But
“ if your Lordship should be travelling
“ the same road, I shall, undoubtedly, be
“ happy to avail himself of your obliging
“ offer. Most probably, though, you
“ will see me in England, long before
“ the ensuing spring, but that will, in
“ some degree, depend upon my state
“ of health during the early part of the
“ winter; — at all events, however, Olivia
“ shall find in me a second mother—
“ here her voice faltered——and—I will
“ guard her with a parent’s care.”

It was, therefore, settled, that Lord Vaversly, his son, and Mr. Grenfell, should proceed to England with the corpse of Lady Vaversly—and that Olivia should continue at Raimondi with Miss Maitland.

In a very few days every thing was prepared and in readiness for their immediate departure. Olivia was delivered into the care of Miss Maitland, and not

only Lord Vaversly, but Arthur, likewise, appeared much affected at parting with them both. Emily, too, joined in the general regret, for she was sorry to lose her youthful companion, Arthur, who had always been a great favorite—and the regret was mutual—for he appeared equally sorry to part with her.

As the time drew near for their separation, Miss Maitland felt so averse to the thoughts of their departure, and to being left alone, as it were, in a place, where, except Madame St. Valery, she was acquainted with no one, that, at times, she was half inclined to go with them to England. But then, to be under the necessity of making one in the melancholy procession of attending the remains of her beloved friend to her last abode, during a journey of several hundred miles, was an undertaking she felt herself unequal to, and was conscious that she had not, at present, sufficient fortitude to encounter. She was, therefore, obliged to

submit to the painful necessity of seeing them depart without her—but when she left the villa, and had taken leave of them all, on the evening before they were to set off, she felt as if all she loved was torn from her for ever! so desolate and forlorn did her situation now appear.

The sad procession quitted Raimondi very early in the morning, that they might avoid the excessive heat, which is scarcely supportable in these southern provinces, during the middle of the day. As they were to pass the Chateau, Miss Maitland could not refrain from stationing herself at the window, as soon as the morning dawned, to take a farewell look, even at the vehicle which contained the body of her friend. She perceived it advancing, with slow and measured steps:—it passed—and was soon out of sight——“Farewel!—for ever!”—cried she.——“O! my beloved friend!—shall I indeed “see you no more! shall I never again

“listen to your persuasive voice!”—The thought was agonizing—and she wept. In a few minutes, however, the winding of the road again presented the carriages to her view—she gazed eagerly—but they soon faded in distance—and sighing deeply, she closed the window, and threw herself upon the bed, in the wildest energy of grief.

This lasted, however, but a few seconds—for tears again came to her relief—but feeling herself faint and exhausted from want of sleep, and the violence of her emotion, she endeavoured to compose herself to rest. The attempt was vain;—to sleep, in her present perturbed and agitated state of mind was impossible. She, therefore, with that restlessness which ever attends the unhappy, arose from the bed, and leaving her room, went down stairs, to try the effect of fresh air, by a walk in the grounds of the Chateau.

The scene which here displayed itself,

was calculated to soothe the most troubled spirit, and to lull the most agitated feelings to composure. The sun was just rising, and shone in the East with unrivalled splendour, dispelling the dewy mists, that hung over the surface of the water; and embellishing every plant and flower, by the reflection of its rays; which penetrating through the drops, that still hung upon the leaves, gave them the brilliant appearance of sparkling gems. The birds twittered among the bushes; and one, soaring above the clouds, seemed eager to pay its morning adoration to this fountain of light and heat. The flowers sent forth an additional fragrance, as the soft and balmy air passed lightly over them; and yet, the refreshing breeze, so cool! so exhilarating! appeared scarcely to move a single leaf.

The softness and beauty of the scene, tended greatly to tranquillize the agitated spirits, and grief-worn frame of Miss Maitland, who seated herself upon

a rustic bench, at one end of the wall, on a kind of a terrace that overlooked the ocean, and contemplated the astonishing works of the Creator!—to whom, as she gazed, her heart expanded, with the most sublime sentiments of gratitude, adoration, and praise!—The air refreshed her, and she continued for some length of time in the same attitude, (though her thoughts would now and then wander from the scene before her, to the funeral procession of Lady Vaversly,) when a chorus of voices sounded upon the air, and she could almost fancy that it was a requiem to the memory of her departed friend. She listened attentively. The strain appeared familiar to her ear—it was the *Matin* hymn to the Virgin—and she soon found that it proceeded from some fishermen, who were pushing off their boats from the shore, to commence their uncertain and precarious business for the day. They glided very smoothly upon the face of the water, and she fol-

lowed them with her eyes to a considerable distance, wondering that any man should choose a subsistence so exposed to uncertainty and danger—when hearing a distant clock strike eight, she quitted her pleasant seat, and returned slowly to the Chateau.

The children, who were coming into the garden to seek her, met her at the entrance, and Emily, observing the settled melancholy of her looks, said—“O! I am afraid you are very ill!—Shall I call Susan?”

“No, my dear;” answered Miss Maitland, sighing deeply, “I shall be better after breakfast.—Come, my dear Olivia, you shall make it for us.”—She did this with a view of engaging the child’s attention from dwelling upon the departure of her friends, as she observed her to wear upon her countenance an unusual look of sadness.

Olivia, who now considered herself as a woman all at once, smiled, and gladly

undertook the office — and Emily held with her some smart debates, upon which of them managed the tea-pot best, Miss Maitland having frequently indulged her with a similar employment, when by themselves, knowing how much it would please her.

The innocent conversation of the children, which at other times she had found entertaining, now failed to interest, for “grief was heavy at her heart,” and, as soon as their meal was concluded, she sent them into the grounds with Madeline, that they might walk, or amuse themselves as they thought proper.

Olivia, who was now nearly eleven years of age, had wept the loss of her mother—a mother, whom she had loved with the fondest affection:—but, at her time of life, grief is of no long continuance. The slightest circumstance of joy, has power to chase away the tears of sorrow, from the cheek of early youth, and smiles are easily substituted in their place.

The present woe is all that troubles them ; their hearts are not corroded by sad and melancholy anticipations of the future.

Though the death of her mother had been a subject of regret, and she was sorry to lose her brother, yet that her father should go to England without her, was a point upon which she was perfectly careless and indifferent—for he was frequently harsh and stern to his children—and as she was to remain with Miss Maitland and Emily, his departure would not have caused a tear, had not she remembered, that he was gone with her poor mother to England to be buried, and that she should never, never see her any more !

“ Don't cry, Olivia,” said Emily, as they were talking over the circumstance with Madeline in the garden—“ for dear Miss Maitland says—that she is now happy—and gone to be an angel.—“ Poor Lady Vaversly !—I am sure she

“ was very good-natured to me—and I
“ know I am very sorry she is dead, as
“ well as you :—but she bid me love you,
“ you know, one day, Olivia, and so I
“ always shall !”

“ And I am sorry for her death as well
“ as you, Miss Emily,” said Madeline—
“ for she was a dear good lady, to be
“ sure !—never proud, as some other folks
“ was ; but mind I don’t say who :—and
“ she is gone to Heaven, I dare say, in
“ the arms of the Blessed Virgin.—
“ Heigho !—But, dear me ! what good
“ will crying and grieving do ?—No-
“ thing, but to make us all unhappy and
“ miserable,—O ! it is such a pleasant
“ thing to be merry !—I wonder whether
“ my mistress will let me go and have a
“ dance at father’s this vintage time !—
“ it is almost here now—it don’t want
“ above a week to it !—O ! I hope she
“ will !—If I don’t go, I shall have no
“ luck all the year round !”

“ Why ? ” enquired Olivia and Emily at the same moment.

“ Because I shan’t ; ”—said Madeline.—

“ Why do you know, at one festival—let
“ me see ! it was the vintage before last,
“ I believe, Sebastian, who lived at the
“ next cottage to father’s, refused to
“ come, as he used to do for many a
“ year, because forsooth ! he must needs
“ go to Montpellier, to see Adelaide
“ Mouline, who, you must know, was his
“ sweetheart—but, however, worse luck
“ for him !—for as sure as you are there,
“ he died before the next year’s vintage
“ came round again !—ah ! well !—it
“ was his own fault, as I may say : for
“ what business had he to go to Mont-
“ pellier, on that particular day, of all
“ days in the year.—He might expect
“ that something unlucky would happen
“ to him—Poor Sebastian !—we missed
“ him sadly—for he was an excellent,
“ merry dancer ! ”

“Only think !” said Emily—and Olivia, whose ideas were diverted from her own sorrows, by Madeline’s story, said—“it was a sad thing indeed !”

“Is Montpellier such an unlucky place, then ?”—enquired Emily.

“La ! no, Miss Emily—you don’t understand me—I say its unlucky to be away from any [particular festival ; such a one, I mean, as the vintage dance upon the green before father’s cottage. O ! I hope my mistress will give me leave to go !—I shall lose all my spirits if she don’t.”

“You need not be afraid, Madeline,” said Emily, “for I know she will if she thinks you like it. Why do you think she won’t ?”

“Because, now Lady Vaversly is dead, she always looks so sad and sorrowful,” replied Madeline, “that I am afraid she won’t like me to go about dancing and making merry—to be sure, it don’t look very natural-like in my black

“ gown.—But, dear me! people can’t
“ grieve for ever!—I wonder how such
“ gentlefolks could think of going to
“ live at that terrible Naples, where the
“ mountain is always spouting out fire
“ and cinders—I only wonder they any
“ of them escaped with a whole skin—
“ that they were not all burnt to death—
“ let alone frightened!—Poor Lady Va-
“ versly, though! they say it was her
“ death!—and I don’t wonder at it—
“ Holy Virgin! if I had been there,
“ I am sure I should never have come
“ home alive!—However, I hope my
“ mistress won’t object to a poor ser-
“ vant’s being merry, and let me go to
“ the vintage, though she is so sad
“ herself—for it was no fault of mine,
“ you know, that all these troubles have
“ come upon us—I am sure, I wished to
“ my heart! that my Lady might get
“ better!—for it is very hard upon me
“ that she should die just now—at the
“ very season when every body ought to

“be gay and jovial.—O ! if I should not
“go to father’s, when the vine-dressers
“and all of them have their dance upon
“the green, I do think that I shall break
“my heart !”

Emily said, she was sure Miss Maitland would let her go. Which elated the spirits of Madeline to such a pitch of joy and extacy, that she felt as if she could have begun dancing immediately—and became so cheerful, and talked so gaily of the pleasure she expected to experience, that her cheerfulness imparted itself to her youthful companions, who, by the time they returned to the Chateau, had lost all traces of sadness and dejection.

Miss Maitland, on the contrary, had passed her time in pensively ruminating on the virtues of her departed friend. Her mild and amiable manners—her patient endurance of suffering and illness—the meekness with which she conducted herself towards a husband, whose natural

disposition was so haughty and overbearing, that few persons were disposed to put up with it, or to be upon any terms of intimacy with him—all passed in review before her, and endeared her memory so fondly to the bosom of Miss Maitland, that no other subject had power to detach her thoughts from one so interesting, and so congenial to her present feelings.

Her reverie was, at length, interrupted by the entrance of Madame St. Valery, who called with an attention truly friendly, and sat with her a considerable time—and, by engaging her in conversation, in some degree relieved her mind from the melancholy sensations which oppressed her. She saw, at her first entrance, how deeply affected was Miss Maitland, and perfectly sensible of the cause, instead of offering any of those common-place speeches of consolation, that are usually addressed to the unhappy, but which only add to the affliction they are intended to

console, began to converse upon indifferent topics, in order to lead the ideas of her friend into a different channel. Her kindness was, in a great measure, attended with the effect she wished; for before she left her, she had the satisfaction to perceive that her sadness was considerably abated, and her melancholy much less oppressive than at her first entrance.

She promised to call very often; and she kept her word—for scarcely a day passed, but some part of it was spent with Miss Maitland, who found her society very pleasing; and having but one child, a daughter, who boarded at a Convent, several miles distant, (the Abbess of which was a near relation of Monsieur St. Valery's,) she had a great deal of spare time; a considerable part, therefore, was devoted to the enjoyment of Miss Maitland's company, who, it may be remembered, was only her next-door neighbour.

The recent death of Lady Vaversly had

again revived in the minds of the servants, the almost forgotten idea of the ghost—which had been nearly obliterated from their memories, for a considerable space of time. It now again recurred with additional force, and their fears, of they scarcely knew what, operated so powerfully upon the fancy, not only of the females, but the men likewise, that some of them talked of giving up their places, and seeking out some other service. Yet, they were loth to leave so good a mistress, with whom, the principal part of them, had lived several years; and whom they respected highly, so uniformly kind and good-tempered had she ever been in her behaviour towards them. But to live in a house, which, by almost every one's report, was haunted—(for such stories soon spread about, and are, by the lower classes, generally credited, and told with much exaggeration)—where they were in dread, every evening after nightfall, of meeting some horrid

spectre, either in the passages within the Chateau, or in the Garden, was too much ! —and they began to think, seriously, in what manner they should give their mistress notice of their intention:

Every one, but Susan and Madeline—the latter saying she had no time to think about it now, though every body knew she was afraid enough of ghosts, but she could think of nothing now till after the vintage—came to a determination to stay no longer in the Chateau, than till their mistress could suit herself with other servants—at the same time thinking, she would find it a very difficult matter. But though all saw the necessity which urged them so madly to leave a good home, upon such a ridiculous idea, yet not one would undertake to be the bearer of this intelligence to Miss Maitland.

After much debating upon this subject, the affair was still undetermined, as they all resolutely refused to carry such a message to their mistress. At last, they entreated Susan to mention the matter to

Miss Maitland—but this, she peremptorily refused; knowing that such a proceeding would be productive of much vexation to her mistress, who, she declared, had been harassed enough already; and that *she* would not be the person to add to her anxiety, by troubling her, just at this time too, about the ghost.

Madeline was next applied to;—but she said—she would have nothing to do with it just now—“for, who knows,” added she, “but she might be so angry
“with me, for going to talk to her about
“it, that she might very likely not let
“me go to the vintage for my pains!—
“So then a fine piece of work I should
“make of it!—Besides, you forget, that
“I have had one good scolding about it
“already—No, no! you may depend
“upon it, I shan’t be the person, that
“will mention it just now. Though I
“hope to St. Nicholas! that I shan’t
“meet with it—for then I am sure I
“should die with fright!”

As they were all equally averse to un-

dertake this important commission, the matter was here suffered to rest, and would, most probably, have died away in course of time, had not James, the footman, when he came down stairs one morning, declared to his fellow servants, who were all assembled in the kitchen, (except Madeline, who was in the room with the children, assisting them to rise) that if no one else would speak to his mistress, he would ; for he was now certain the Chateau was haunted, having that night seen the ghost himself.

“ Seen it ! ” exclaimed the other servants, in a tone, and with a look of horror, speaking every one at the same moment——“ When ?——Where ? ”

“ Last night ; ” said he, solemnly—
“ I saw it with my own eyes at the bottom of the garden.”

“ Oh ! ” cried one of the females—
“ what did you do ?—How did it look ?
“ —Did you drop down ?—Oh ! do tell
“ us all about it ? ”

“No, I did not do that;—though I
“was startled, I own at first—but you
“shall hear.”

They all crowded eagerly about him;
and Mary said—“Aye, do James, tell us
“all about it?—let us know every parti-
“cular?—O! how thankful I am it
“was not me that saw it!—But, now, do
“go on?”

“How can I,” said James, “if you
“interrupt me so?—If you will hold your
“tongue, I will tell you all about it.
“But you must be quiet.”

They now all listened attentively—and
he proceeded—“You must know then,
“that when I had been asleep some time,
“I don’t know how long, may be an
“hour, or may be more, or perhaps not
“so much, I can’t say how long; but,
“however, that’s no matter—I was sud-
“denly woke up by an odd kind of noise
“like the creaking of a door. I listened
“—thinking it might be thieves getting
“in backwards: though how I came to

“ have thieves in my head, I don’t know,
“ but I suppose I fancied myself in Eng-
“ land. Here they never seem to think
“ of any thing of that kind, but leave
“ the doors and windows open, as if they
“ wished ’em to walk in, and carry off the
“ things; though we always shut up
“ our’s, you know, because my mistress
“ likes it. However, that’s neither here
“ nor there. So, as I was saying, I
“ thought it might be thieves, and I list-
“ ened :—still I heard a noise, but it did
“ not then sound like a creaking, but a
“ rushing of water—I sat up in the bed,
“ but still I heard it—sometimes it was
“ loud, and then again it went more soft-
“ ly—at last, thinking there must be
“ somebody getting in, I jumped out of
“ bed, and went to the door to listen, I
“ opened it, and——”

“ O, dear !” exclaimed Mary, “ how
“ could you do so ?—Oh !—did you see
“ the ghost ?”

“ Don’t be in such a hurry, Mary,”
said James, “ and you shall hear.”

“O! make haste then, James,”—cried Mary—“for I do long to know!”

“Well! as I was saying,” returned he, “I opened the door to listen; but “nothing could I hear there: all seemed “as quiet as death. So, with that, “thinks I, now I am up, I’ll go to the “window, and see what I can discover “there—and so I did—but I soon found “it was something much worse than “thieves, for what should I see but—O! “I shall never forget it!—a figure all “-----” A bell now rang close to their ears, from the parlour, which startled the whole group; and as James was the person whose business it was to answer it, he was obliged to leave his story unfinished, to their great mortification and disappointment—though he promised to renew it, the very first opportunity that offered.

Miss Maitland had rung the bell for breakfast, which caused much astonishment to the servants, who had no idea of its being so late; and as in their eager-

ness to listen to James's story, they had neglected many things they ought to have done, they were now obliged to disperse, and pursue their different occupations, to retrieve their lost time, Their curiosity, therefore, remained ungratified for the present, but they hoped, in the course of the day, to meet with a convenient opportunity to hear the remainder, and the most interesting part of the story. James, however, when he returned with the breakfast things, said—that he should not be able to tell them all about it till the evening, as his mistress had an errand for him to Arboine, three miles beyond Montpellier, whither he was to set off immediately on horseback; therefore, as he should not be back very soon, he could not finish about it till by-and-bye.

“Make as much haste as you can, “James,” said Mary, “for I shall be so “impatient to hear the end.” In this re-

quest she was joined by every one—for they all eagerly desired to know what he had seen—and were not a little chagrined to find, that their curiosity must be suspended until the time of his return.

During the whole day they were frightened at every sound, and startled at their own shadows, terrified at they knew not what. Madeline, who had been let into the secret since the departure of James, (whose place she in some measure supplied during his absence,) looked so horror-struck when she came into the room to answer the bell, that Miss Maitland enquired if any thing was the matter with her?

She, at first, hesitated and stammered, and was half inclined to tell the whole story—but recollecting how angry her mistress had been once before upon a similar occasion, the dread of incurring her displeasure just at this period, when her heart was set upon going to the approach-

ing festivity at her father's, kept her silent, and she said—"No—nothing, "thanky'e Madame,—for I am very "well."

But Madeline, unaccustomed to dissimulation, betrayed by her countenance, that her words were at variance with her looks—and though not unobserved by Miss Maitland, yet she forbore to enquire further, knowing that it required little at any time, to scare and terrify the simple and credulous Madeline:—and the girl, eager to get away, for fear her mistress should ask any more questions, left the room as soon as she possibly could.

Madame St. Valery came in just after, and informed Miss Maitland that she came to bid her farewell for a day or two, as she was going on a visit to a friend at Nismes. "I could not go," added she, "with any degree of pleasure without seeing you first, and therefore "merely ran in to say adieu—but I must

“ be gone immediately, for St. Valery is
“ waiting, and as he is a little impatient
“ under such circumstances, I cannot
“ stay another moment. So farewell, my
“ dear friend, in a few days I hope to
“ have the happiness of seeing you
“ again.” Miss Maitland said, she was
sorry to part with her, and after seeing
her to the gate, and taking of her an
affectionate adieu, returned to the Cha-
teau. The children soon after came from
the Convent, and Miss Maitland took
them with her into the garden for a walk
—but finding it very sultry, they bent
their steps towards a seat under a large
mulberry tree, whose spreading branches
offered a delightful shade. This seat,
which had been always a favourite one
of Miss Maitland’s, was covered over by
a painted trellis-work, through which
was interwoven the bowery foliage of the
Clematis and the Woodbine, whose sweet
scents impregnated the air with their de-
licious odour; and served, at the same

time, as a guard to defend those who sat within, from any ill effects that might arise, by the falling of the ripe fruit upon their habiliments, from the tree above.

Here they sat for some time completely shaded from the noon-day sun, whose fervent beams glittered upon the surface of the water, and whitened many a passing sail; whilst the waves sparkling as they rolled along, flowed in gentle undulations towards the shore. Their dashing murmur, as they broke upon the beach, inspired an idea of coolness and melancholy not unpleasing; and the light breeze wafting pure from the bosom of the ocean, reached even to the spot where they sat, and by its refreshing power tempered the excessive heat, and ameliorated the languor which that heat occasioned. On the opposite side of the garden, the prospect glowed with luxuriance: clusters of ripe grapes, rich with many a blushing tint, emerged from beneath the profusion of leaves, by which they were surround-

ed : whilst the purple hue of the grapes, seen amid the dark and variegated green of the foliage, by the mere effect of contrast, added to the beautiful colouring of each.

Miss Maitland, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, particularly in her more softened features, could have contentedly remained in her present situation for hours ; but her companions, who were soon tired of sitting still, and listening to the sound of the waves dashing against the shore, seemed nearly inclined to fall asleep. Fearing they might take cold by sleeping out of doors, she quitted her pleasant seat, and, with one of them on each side of her, walked leisurely back to the Chateau — where they soon recovered their animation, and entered very merrily into a game of play, in defiance of the excessive heat.

CHAP. IV.

Is not this something more than phantasy ?

SHAKESPEAR.

AS it was late before James returned, his fellow-servants began to fear that their curiosity would not be gratified that night—but as he was as eager to tell, as they to hear, he seized the first opportunity that offered ; which was not until Madeline had put her young ladies to bed—to begin the story at the place, where he had been compelled so abruptly to break off.

They drew their chairs close around him, and listened in eager expectation,

whilst he thus proceeded.—“ Let me
“ see—where was I?”—and he stopt, as
if considering—

“ Just when you was going to see
“ the ghost in the garden :”—said Mary,
quickly.

“ Aye, now I recollect, so I was. But,
“ now don’t interrupt me, Mary,—for if
“ you do, I shan’t get on half so well.”

Mary promised she would not.

“ Well then,” resumed he, “ after I
“ had shut my room door—you know, I
“ told you, if you recollect, that I open-
“ ed it.”

“ Yes, yes,”—cried two or three of the
servants, impatiently—“ we remember
“ that very well :—but, go on.”

“ Well—don’t be in a hurry,” said he,
“ and you shall hear—So, as I was say-
“ ing, finding I could see nothing in the
“ house, I went to the window, and
“ there I saw—Oh ! I think I see it
“ now !”

“ The Holy Virgin forbid !” screamed

Madeline—"Pray don't frighten us in that manner."

"What is the girl doing!"—said the coachman—"we shall have my mistress among us presently."——But, though they all blamed Madeline for calling out so loud, each drew his or her chair closer to their next neighbour.

"If you interrupt me in this manner," said James, "I shall never be able to finish; but if you will but hold your tongues, why I can go on.——So, when I went to the window, what should I see, but a figure all in white, gliding along by the wall, at the bottom of the garden!—I was startled, you may be sure—aye, more than if I had seen a dozen thieves. However, I thought I would watch it, as it was too far off to do me any harm. So I kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it. It slowly paced up and down the terrace two or three times—though now and then it stood stock-still.—It seemed, I thought,

“ to cast its eyes upwards, and gaze upon
“ the sky—but, at last, it suddenly
“ turned itself round, and came up the
“ path leading to the house.—I was now
“ terribly frightened, and had a good
“ mind to call you all up; but I thought
“ it would be best to watch its proceed-
“ ings a little longer—so I saw it glide
“ along very slowly, till it got about half-
“ way up the walk, just where' the bushes
“ are all so thickly clustered together on
“ one side of it. You know the spot.
“ There it made a dead stand:—looked
“ up at the house for a minute or more,
“ and then—whilst I had my eyes sted-
“ fastly fixed upon it—it suddenly va-
“ nished!!—I was in a thousand minds,
“ whether I should alarm the house—but
“ I thought I would watch a little long-
“ er, and perhaps it might appear again,
“ then would be the best time to call you.
“ But it came no more. I looked for it
“ a long while, but it did not make its
“ appearance. So with that I grew more

“ courageous, and thought it would not
“ be worth while to call you all up, dis-
“ turbing my mistress ; therefore, at last,
“ I went to bed, but determined to tell
“ you all about it in the morning. I soon
“ fell asleep, and thought no more about
“ it, till I woke, and found it was time to
“ get up.”

He now paused :—and Mary said—
“ What a courageous man you are, James !
“ —How could you watch it so long
“ without calling out ?—I should have
“ swooned away at once. —But what was
“ it like ?—Any thing you ever saw be-
“ fore ?”

“ It was a tall, slim figure, all in
“ white !”—replied he, “ for all the world
“ like a woman !”

“ Had it a face ?”—enquired Made-
line.

“ Yes ;—a very beautiful one —just
“ like the picture of an angel :”—an-
swered he.

“ O ! then, as sure as you are alive,”

cried Mary, "it was the ghost of Lady
"Vaversly. I have often heard say she
"was never happy, and so she cannot
"rest quietly in her grave."

"I declare, I never thought of that!"
—resumed James—"but I do verily be-
"lieve you are right—for, somehow, it
"struck me all the while that I knew its
"face!—Yes, it was the ghost of Lady
"Vaversly, I make no doubt! O, yes!
"it was certainly her form that I saw—
"poor creature!—it is a pity that some
"priest couldn't be found to lay her quiet-
"ly in her grave."

"If people's spirits are not happy, they
"always walk"—said Madeline.

"But it is very unlucky," said Mary,
"when they happen to walk in other
"people's gardens—I wonder what is the
"reason they can't keep to their own!—
"I dare say my mistress never did her
"any harm, she was too fond of her for
"that, and so I think it is very hard her
"spirit should trouble us."

“Take care what you say, Mary”—said Madeline, looking fearfully around—“for if you talk in that manner, perhaps you may have the ghost at your elbow in a minute.”

This completely silenced Mary, who was almost afraid to look up—and they all lowered their voices, as if they dreaded to be overheard. However, they all agreed, that it was impossible to remain any longer in their present service, now they were to a certainty assured that the Chateau was haunted:—and that James should, on the very next day, signify the same to their mistress. The bell from the parlour broke up the conference; but the story they had been listening to, impressed itself so strongly upon their minds, that they almost feared to move: and James, whose place it was to carry the supper-tray into the parlour, was accompanied to the door of it, by the whole party—who waited on the same spot till he returned.

Miss Maitland, in the mean time, perfectly free from any terror arising from superstition, sat quietly reading Zimmerman on Solitude; every line of which appeared in perfect unison with her own feelings. When she had read some length of time, her eyes feeling rather painful, she laid down the book, and fell into a reverie on the subject upon which she had been reading. The idea of Lady Vaversly mingled with these ruminations—they had frequently read it together, and admired the beauties it contained. That part, particularly, which speaks of the consolatory effects produced by it, in those moments of suffering and ill health, when the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, no longer have power to charm—when company becomes irksome, and our only solace is, the reflections, produced from the hidden store of our own minds.—Both Lady Vaversly and Miss Maitland had been the victims of ill health—their own experience, therefore, convinced

them of the truth of his assertions on this head—they knew—they had felt, the efficacy of solitude in the hour of pain, and they, therefore, yielded implicit credit to its salutary effects upon other occasions.

Whilst indulging these reflections, she recollected some lines upon the subject, which Lady Vaversly had once given her; and which she had often fancied were written by herself, though she had never exactly said so;—wishing to look them over, she sought them from among some papers in her bookcase, and once more read as follows :

TO SOLITUDE.

Let others seek the world, and all its joys,
I woo thy pow'r, mild, peaceful Solitude !
For in thy quiet shades, my harass'd frame
May find some portion of lost ease restored.—

The world has joys for them, whose happier fate
It is to know the dear delights of Health !
To them, each object seems to wear a smile,
A cheerful smile—reflected from themselves.—
But, when Disease or Melancholy reign
With force despotic o'er the human frame,
Then Solitude—thou only can'st delight !
'Tis only thou, can'st give the mind relief !
Come then and lead me to thy blest retreat,
Where mild Content, and thoughtful Silence dwell ;
There, in thy tranquil haunts each path I'll trace,
Where never wand'ring footsteps trod before.
And when the Sun retiring in the west,
Warns me again to seek thy peaceful home,
I'll to thy cot repair.—Or, when at eve,
Twilight advancing shadows ev'ry scene,
I'll sit me on some solitary seat,
In pensive musing lost—or, on the sky
Brilliant with stars, I'll fix my earnest gaze,
And watch the pale Moon rising in the east.
Then while its beams diffuse a holy calm,
And ev'ry stormy passion's hush'd to peace,
Far, far beyond this world my thoughts shall soar,
To that blest clime, where God eternal reigns,
And sickness and despair invade no more !

Soon after breakfast the next morning,
Miss Maitland having sent Emily up
stairs, on some trifling errand, was much
surprised so see the child, on her return,

burst into the room, with a countenance full of terror, and run into the middle of it without stopping, as if she imagined somebody was in pursuit of her.

“What is the matter, my dear?” enquired Miss Maitland.

It was some minutes before Emily could regain breath sufficient to make any reply—at last, she said—“O dear!—I was so afraid that the ghost was behind me!”—Olivia immediately turned as pale as death.

“What are you talking of, my dear child?”—said Miss Maitland, very seriously—who perceiving Olivia’s change of countenance, instantly guessed that she, also, felt some alarm from the same cause, and partly divined the source from which it sprung.

“O dear! cried Emily, I was so frightened!—for as I came along the passage, I heard a noise behind me, and so I thought it was the ghost, and I ran as fast as ever I could.”

“ How came such an idea into your
“ head, child ? ” — said Miss Maitland —
“ however, pray do not let such non-
“ sense terrify you for the future, for
“ there is no such thing as a ghost !

“ O yes ! there is ; ” — said Emily — “ in-
“ deed there is ! — for James saw one in
“ the garden, himself, the very night be-
“ fore last.”

“ How do you know ? ” — enquired Miss
Maitland — “ did James tell you so, pray ? ”

“ O dear ! no ; — ” but Olivia and me
“ heard Ann and Mary talking all about
“ it this morning, in the next room to us,
“ before we were up.”

Miss Maitland, heartily vexed that
such a tale should have reached the
youthful minds of the children, deter-
mined to investigate the matter, and
ringing the bell, desired to be inform-
ed, upon what foundation such an im-
probable story could have originated.

James now undertook the relation,
which in substance was the same, as he

had before repeated in the kitchen; and concluded by saying—“that he was very
“sorry it should so happen, but, as he
“was now convinced, to a certainty, that
“the place was haunted, he, as well as
“his fellow-servants, except Madeline
“and Susan, could, upon no account,
“remain there any longer; and, that he
“hoped, therefore, she would not take it
“ill, if he begged she would endeavour
“to suit herself with other servants, as
“soon as she possibly could.”

Miss Maitland, though much hurt at this intelligence, was not offended, as they had imagined she would be; but felt the utmost pity for the delusion, which induced them to leave a good home, where they were so well provided for, and to expose themselves, perhaps, to difficulties and dangers, far away from their own country, and in a foreign land. She endeavoured, with mildness, to reason them out of such a ridiculous idea: but without effect. James was so positive in his

assertion, that he had seen a ghost, which he had no doubt was the perturbed spirit of the deceased Lady Vaversly, that when his mistress appeared still to treat the subject as a mere flight of imagination, he offered, if she approved of it, to go before any magistrate, and swear to the truth of what he had advanced.

The man was so positive, and moreover said, that having watched the figure for such a length of time, he could not possibly be mistaken, that Miss Maitland knew not what to think. She was loth to admit any idea of the kind, yet here the facts seemed to be very strong—and the servant had been so assured of it himself, that he had offered to take his oath. Yet, she could never believe that the dead, were ever permitted to leave their graves, and re-visit the earth—she felt assured that was impossible. Then came the reflection—that nothing is impossible with God.—Yielding to this conviction, she, for a moment fancied, that

it might be the spirit of her friend. — But it was only for a moment :—for she could not believe it likely, that an Almighty Being, whose attributes are mercy and beneficence, would thus sport with the peace and happiness of his creatures, as to raise the dead from the grave, in which they had been deposited, merely to alarm and terrify the innocent. She instantly rejected such an idea, as incompatible with the wisdom and goodness of God —and was astonished how she could have suffered it, even for one moment, to dwell upon her mind.

She endeavoured to represent this, in the most energetic and forcible language she could think of, to the servants. But without effect. James had seen the ghost —and they were no longer to be convinced.

Finding all the arguments she could make use of, were of no avail, towards eradicating this unlucky impression from their minds, she, at length, dismissed

them ; and having sent the children to the Convent, under the convoy of Madeline, she sat down, with no very pleasant sensations, to ponder upon a circumstance, which was likely to be productive of so much uneasiness—as it would, at all events, occasion a total revolution in her family and establishment.

She now repented not going with Lord Vaversly and his suite to England—but could she possibly have foreseen that such a source of vexation as this was likely to arise. — One, which she feared would, eventually, place her in a very unpleasant predicament. For, should such a tale spread abroad, which she had every reason to suppose it would do, she would, in all probability, find a difficulty in procuring a new set of servants in the places of those, who, at present, seemed resolutely bent upon quitting her service.

She had, likewise, been so long in the habit of seeing the same faces about her, and had been so little accustomed to change

—most of the servants having lived with her several years—that it appeared as if she was going to part with old friends, whose very faults, even, had become familiar to her, and whose places would now be occupied by a set of new faces, that would render her, in a manner, a stranger in her own house.

Susan, alone, of all the servants she had brought from England, was contented to remain in her service. But this affectionate girl, had lived with her many years, and had received a superior education to the rest. Having been so much with her mistress, she had imbibed many of her opinions, most of which she considered as infallible, and had not, therefore, yielded that implicit belief to the story of the ghost, as did all the other servants :—though it is but justice to her, to say, that if she had, she would not have suffered any terror she might have experienced, to separate her from her mistress.

Sometimes it appeared to Miss Maitland as a species of ingratitude on the part of the servants, which her conduct had not merited, for them to entertain any idea of quitting her service, upon an occasion so apparently trivial and absurd :— but when she reflected upon the strong hold which the terror arising from superstition takes upon the minds of the vulgar, and remembered the hesitation, distress, and seeming reluctance, with which they had announced their design of quitting the Chateau, she was inclined to feel pity for their simplicity and delusion, rather than anger, for a conduct so inimical to their own interests as well as hers.

Her only hope was, that in the course of a week or two, the subject might fade gradually from their minds. In the mean time she endeavoured to drive away the reflection from her own ; but it would intrude—her spirits already agitated and depressed, were unequal to this new con-

flict, and her dejection, which was beginning to subside into a tender melancholy, was now deeper than before. She resolved, however, to bury the affair in her own bosom, not even to mention it to Madame St. Valery; fearing, that if through her means it should pass to her servants, they would, most probably, spread the circumstance so far abroad, that, at last, she should get no one willing to live with her. Her own, to be sure, had promised not to leave her, until she was provided with others; but on this she placed very little dependence: for she thought it but likely, whilst this subject was uppermost in their minds, that the next time they fancied they had seen a ghost, they would, perhaps, be leaving her at a moment's notice. Whilst they were so completely under the dominion of superstitious terror, they were not, she judged, to be depended upon.

She was angry with herself for suffering this untoward circumstance to cause

her so much uneasiness, and to dwell so continually, and with such oppressive force upon her mind ; but though she tried to shake it off, her endeavours were unsuccessful ; she could think of nothing else, and her spirits, for a time, intirely fled.

At length that sweet season, which had been anticipated by Madeline, with so much joy and rapture, and so many hopes and fears, arrived to gladden the hearts of all around. Every hand was employed at the vintage—and every countenance wore an appearance of gaiety and satisfaction, very pleasing to the beholder. Miss Maitland's spirits again revived, as she gazed upon the happy faces of the Paysannes, who tripped along the village with hearts unruffled by care, and countenances dimpled with smiles ; going to join the dancers at the doors of the rustic cottages, whose owners were just returned from the labours of the day, and were going to solace themselves after their fatigue, by a dance to the sound of

the flageolet, or hautboy, upon the green.

An English cottager would, probably, have selected some other method of regaling himself after a hard day's work, by smoking a pipe, perhaps, or taking a mug of home-brewed ale at the door of his cottage: but the French, whose natural gaiety is such, that it appears never to forsake them, even at those times, and on those occasions, when an Englishman would be overwhelmed with sorrow, must have some amusement more lively and animated, than any which can be acquired by sitting still — and, therefore, dancing is generally resorted to, upon any joyous occasion, such as the present season of the vintage; when every heart beat with rapture, and every countenance appeared decked in smiles of happiness and joy.

Madeline, having gained the permission so ardently desired, without the slightest demur on the part of her mistress—who never experienced greater pleasure, than

when in her power to procure happiness for others, or to see those about her satisfied and contented—felt almost wild with joy. And when she entered the parlour, previous to her departure, to know if there was any thing wanted before she went, drest in her very best—which was a jacket and short petticoat, (the prevailing fashion among the Paysannes of that part of the country) and a little hat, deckt upon this occasion, only, with vine-leaves gathered fresh from the garden of the Chateau, smartly put on one side of her head—she looked the very symbol of health, youth, content, and happiness.

Her face was pretty, though her features, and indeed her whole air, were intirely French: and when she quitted the parlour, and tripped gaily along the passage, Miss Mainland thought she had seldom seen a more fascinating figure.

All ideas of the ghost were, for the present, at least, banished from her mind: she was now engaged in the more pleasing

anticipation of the conquests she should make among the village swains, in the course of the evening; and had neither leisure or inclination to dwell upon a subject so disagreeable, even if it had, for a moment, intruded itself upon her thoughts.

Several of the other servants had also been invited to join this jovial group: and Miss Maitland, hoped this scene of gaiety, by introducing ideas of a more enlivening cast, would tend to dissipate the glooms of superstition, which had so long pervaded their minds, and obscured their reason. But in this she was disappointed.—They were too deeply rooted, to be so easily eradicated.

She insisted upon it, however, that they should confine their conversation and opinions upon the subject, to the kitchen, or each other; that she would hear no more upon so ridiculous an affair: and, likewise, particularly desired them, never to suffer another word con-

cerning a ghost to escape them in the hearing of the children.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the departure of Lord Vaversly, ere she received any tidings of him. At length a letter arrived, bearing the post-mark of Dover, and opening it eagerly, she found it was written by himself. It merely consisted of a few lines, saying, they were safely arrived in England ; but that when they had reached Vaversly Park, the place of their destination, and had performed the last sad duties to his lamented wife, he would then write to her again, and state every circumstance more fully, than either his inclination or spirits would now permit him to do.

This letter, so anxiously expected, and so ardently wished for, now that it had arrived, introduced a train of melancholy reflections in the bosom of Miss Maitland ; and the idea of her lost friend, pressed upon her mind with additional poignancy, and depressed her spirits, du-

ring the whole evening after receiving it, with even more than their usual langour. The excessive heat of the weather too, assisted to unnerve and debilitate, for it had been uncommonly sultry during the whole day, and she felt so low, so dispirited, and so wretched ! that she was half inclined to go to bed—and by endeavouring to seek repose, gain some respite from her miserably oppressive feelings.

From this, however, she was deterred by the extreme warmth of the evening : and with the children for her companions, took a walk in the garden instead—thinking that the breeze from the ocean, were they so fortunate as to feel any, (for there was not a breath of air any where else) would, perhaps, tend to relieve the depression she found so overpowering. For this purpose she seated herself at the end of the terrace, overlooking the water ; and the calm beauty of its polished surface, which scarcely moved, so gentle were its undulations, soothed in some

degrée, her agitated spirits to composure. Twilight gradually advanced, veiling every object in a partial obscurity, so that she could no longer discern the distant vessels, lately rendered more conspicuous by catching on their sails, the last rays of the setting sun; or trace the point of a projecting headland, which, by day light could be seen distinctly from the terrace, by the romantic windings of the shore.

Darkness now soon overspread the face of the deep, except where the bright glimmering of the stars, reflected themselves upon the bosom of the water: yet, as it was much cooler here than in the house, Miss Maitland was in no hurry to return, and endeavoured to amuse the minds of the children, by explaining those circumstances, which had, hitherto, appeared above their comprehension, concerning the positions and names of the different stars, that now glittered before them. The children were both instructed and amused;

and were very sorry when Madeline came, at the usual hour, to take them to bed—and with no slight degree of reluctance, kissed Miss Maitland, and bade her good night.

When they were gone, and she was quite alone, she fancied the place appeared forlorn and desolate, and was half tempted to follow them into the house. A latent fear, which she was scarcely conscious of herself, urged her to leave the present spot; and she had risen for that purpose, when she perceived the moon rising in the east. This induced her to remain a little longer, and re-seating herself, she watched its progress among the fleecy clouds, through which it was gradually ascending, and whose edges, as it appeared to glide among them, it tipped with a hue resembling silver. She watched its progressive motion, until it gained its utmost height, and sailed along the heavens with uncommon splendour. All that part of the garden, lying between

the Chateau and the Mediterranean, was illumined by its resplendant beams, casting a deeper gloom upon those places, which, (by the lofty trees, whose branches entwined thickly with each other,) were excluded from its rays.

Sitting with her eyes fixed upon this splendid luminary, her thoughts wandered to scenes long past—and a train of ideas bringing to mind the remembrance of Naples, she recollected how often Lady Vaversly and her, had sat at a window, on such a night as this, enjoying the beautiful effect of the moonlight, as it fell upon the Bay below—and then came the melancholy reflection that this beloved friend was now no more !

Her spirits sunk at this recollection, and a fear, undefinable to herself, struck upon her mind. The assertion of James, that the form he had seen was that of Lady Vaversly, rushed upon her thoughts, and she arose hastily, with the intention of immediately returning to the house.

Her heart palpitated as she passed the spot, where James said so positively the figure had appeared; and she walked so fast, that when she reached the Chateau, she was completely out of breath.—She instantly closed the folding doors, which led into the garden—a circumstance very unusual — generally choosing to have them open till the last minute, in order to admit the fresh air. But this evening, though she was loth to own it, even to herself, an unaccountable dread hung over her, and she had them properly secured, before she sat down to her silent and lonely meal.

When it was over, she endeavoured to beguile the time by reading, and having selected a book, employed herself for an hour or two in this way; but finding the room very warm, and feeling a repugnance to have the doors opened, she retired long before her usual time, to her own room. Not intending to go thus early to rest, she threw open the window,

and was soon lost in admiration, at the view, which was there exhibited. All traces of fear were now erased from her mind, so calm ! so tranquil ! every thing appeared—it seemed as if all Nature slept. The moon still shone brightly as before, and throwing its pale beams upon the points of the distant mountains, rendered their outline perfectly distinct upon the horizon, whilst the lower parts were enveloped in the obscurity of shade. The view nearer the Chateau, presented a pleasing picture of repose and silence ; not a sound broke upon the air ; and the whole tract of country seen from the window, appeared quietly and serenely sleeping in the moonlight.

A clock from the neighbouring Convent now striking twelve, she began to think of retiring to rest, when she fancied she heard a faint scream, and afterwards an unusual bustle in the chambers above. She listened — and was sure she heard some one running along the passages over

her head. She was at a loss to conjecture what it could be, as the servants had gone to bed long before. The noise however, continued, and she opened her door to listen.—Here she heard the same running to-and-fro, and, at last, thought she could distinguish the buzz of voices. She called aloud, to know what was the matter:—but received no answer.—An idea that the Chateau was on fire struck upon her mind, and inspired her with the utmost alarm; and she determined, since she could make no one hear, though she had called several times, to go up stairs herself, and enquire the reason of this unaccountable bustle and confusion. She first, however, stepped back into her chamber for the light, which she had placed in a remote part of it, that it might not interfere with the moonlight scenery from without.—She took it up—but her hand trembled so violently, that she was compelled to set it down again upon the table.—At length, she acquired sufficient

steadiness to hold it fast; and carrying it in her hand, crossed her chamber, and went out of the door; but in turning round a sharp angle in the passage, her arm struck against a projection of the wall, which, in her haste, she had not observed, and the lamp falling immediately upon the ground, was extinguished in a moment, leaving her in total darkness.

This was a vexatious circumstance, in her present anxiety to know what was going forward above; as she was obliged to move very slowly, not being well acquainted with the stairs and passages leading from this part of the Chateau to the rooms appropriated to the servants. She continued, however, to feel her way along, until she came to a window, which, by the aid of the moon, threw a faint ray of light athwart the gloom, and enabled her to find her way up the stairs, which led to the chambers above.

On reaching the top of these stairs, the

sound of voices coming from one of the rooms at the back part of the Chateau, induced her to bend her steps that way: and her dread of fire being now partly removed, she imagined that some of the servants had been taken ill. Determined, however, at all events, to know the real cause of the disturbance, she skipped lightly along the passage; and directed by the sound, entered the chamber, from which the voices had proceeded—where she was astonished to perceive every one of the female servants assembled together—and Mary, the housemaid, seated on a chair in the midst of them, the very emblem of death—whilst one of them was fanning her with all her might; and talking, at the same time, with the greatest volubility.

On her entrance, Ann, who was the one so employed, turning herself round suddenly, and seeing some one standing at the door, gave a loud shriek, and flew

to the opposite side of the room : but the others, having their senses more collected, saw it was only their mistress—who enquired tenderly of Mary, what was the matter with her?

Mary appeared unwilling, nor, indeed, was she directly able, to reply—but Ann, who now came forward, finding, to a certainty, that the figure which had alarmed her, was really and only her mistress, immediately said,—“ O ! Ma’am ! —she has seen the ghost !—and that “ made her have a fit !”

“ The ghost !”—cried Miss Maitland, with astonishment, and a slight degree of alarm, which caused a shuddering through her frame:—“ How could that be?— “ When?—Where?”

“ O ! Ma’am !”—said Mary, faintly—“ not half an hour ago.”

“ I dare say, Mary,” observed Miss Maitland, “ it was nothing more than a “ dream.”

“ A dream !”—cried Ann—“ O, no !—
“ indeed Ma’am, it was no dream !—I
“ saw it as plain as I see you now !”

“ You saw it !”—said Miss Maitland—
“ why, I thought you said, just now, that
“ it was Mary who was so terrified at the
“ sight of it ?”

“ Yes ;—so I did, Ma’am ;”—replied
Ann—“ but I saw it too ;—we both saw
“ it at the same time :—only when I am
“ frightened, I never faint and die away,
“ I always cry and scream !—and so I did
“ now—I dare say you might have heard
“ me down stairs !”

“ I did so ;”—said Miss Maitland—
“ but you should endeavour to check this
“ violence of feeling :—where was it then,
“ you say, you saw this ghost ?”

“ The old place, Ma’am ;”—resumed
Ann—“ in the garden :—though Mary
“ and I saw it standing exactly under
“ the large mulberry tree—O ! I shall ne-
“ ver forget it !”

“ But I thought you were in bed ;”—

said her mistress.—“ If that was the case,
“ how could you see it under the mul-
“ berry tree ?”

“ No ;—we were not in bed just then,”
—returned Ann—“ though we had been
“ before :—but it was so hot, that——”
and she hesitated——“ that—so we got
“ up—but, if you please, Ma’am, I’ll tell
“ you all about it !”

“ Make haste, then :”—said her mis-
tress.

“ O, yes ! Ma’am :—but I am never
“ long a telling a story, and shall have
“ done in a minute.—So you see, Ma’am
“ as I was saying, Mary and me got out
“ of bed, just to look—at a bit of a letter
“ I had in my pocket——.”

“ What, at that time of night ?”—inter-
rupted Miss Maitland.—“ How came you
“ not to wait till the morning ?”

“ Why,” said Ann, hesitatingly—“ it
“ was so moonlight—and we could not
“ sleep—so—I thought, I might as well
“ shew it her then.”

“ You was in a great hurry ; I think ”
—returned her mistress—“ however, go
“ on with your story.”

“ Well, Ma'am,” said Ann, glad to
escape from any enquiry concerning the
letter ; which was from a young man in
the village ; “ we got out of bed, and
“ went to the window to make the words
“ out better—but when we came close to
“ it—what should we see in the garden
“ but the very figure as James saw—all
“ in white ! standing exactly under the
“ mulberry tree !——How I came not to
“ scream at first sight of it, I don't know !
“ —but in another minute it came out,
“ very slowly ! from under the tree, into
“ the walk, and——”

“ Holy Virgin ! ”——screamed Made-
line, interrupting her—“ what noise was
“ that ? —Hark ! ”

“ Nonsense ! ”——cried Miss Maitland—
“ I heard nothing !—I beg you will be
“ quiet, Madeline”

“ I'm sure, I thought I heard some-

thing”—returned Madeline—“but, perhaps, it was only the wind whistling through the passages.”

Miss Maitland once more entreated her to be silent, until Ann had finished the account she had to tell;—and having expressed her wishes in a harsher manner than was usual to her, Madeline said no more—and Ann went on with her relation.

“So, when it got into the walk,” continued Ann, “and the moon shone full upon it, O! then it was a dreadful sight indeed—for there we saw the blood streaming all down its white clothes—and that, you know, is a sure proof that it is the ghost of some murdered person, and not of poor Lady Vaversly, as we all thought it was once before.—O! when we saw how bad it had been wounded, and that it was bleeding yet, it frightened us more than any thing, and so down dropt Mary in a fit—and I began to cry and scream

“like mad!—But, dear me! for a great
“while, nobody comes a-near us—so what
“to do I did not know!—for I began to
“think poor Mary was dead—and then,
“thinks I, here I am all alone with a
“corpse, and I was almost beside my-
“self!”

“Why did not you go and call Susan
“to your assistance”—said Miss Mait-
land—“instead of crying and scream-
“ing there by yourself?”

“O dear! I could not have gone by
“myself into the passage after what I
“had seen—no! not if any-body would
“have offered me a golden guinea!—
“Poor Mary!—to be sure, I thought she
“was dead—but if it had been to save
“my own life, I could not have gone—
“let alone another person’s.—However,
“at last, I was lucky enough, by my
“screaming to wake Susan, and she soon
“got Mary off the ground, and made
“her smell to your salts, which she has

“always in her pocket, she says; and so
“Mary very soon came to life again:—
“and then,” as it never rains but it
pours, “in comes Madeline too. So
“when I had somebody with me, why
“I was not half so frightened; and so I
“began to fan her, and to tell them all
“about it:—just at that very time I saw
“you; and, at first—but I hope, Ma’am,
“you won’t take it ill!—I really took
“you for the ghost.”

“Perhaps,” said Miss Maitland, “as
“you suffer yourself to be thus easily
“alarmed, upon every slight occasion,
“you may, after all, have only fancied
“that you saw this figure.”

“Indeed, Ma’am”—said Mary—who
was by this time much recovered, —“it
“is very true!—I assure you it is!—for
“the figure was dreadfully pale, and all
“over bleeding-like.—I saw it, and so
“did Ann, as plain as ever was!—and, I
“hope!—O! I only hope, I shall never see

“such a shocking sight again!—O dear,
“dear!” continued she, weeping, “how I
“do wish that I was once in England!”

“Only have patience, Mary, a little
“longer”—said her mistress—“and we
“shall all be there, I hope! In a very
“short time, now, I shall leave Raimon-
“di, and go to England; for you cannot
“wish to be there more sincerely than I
“do! However, at present, my good
“girl, I would advise you to go to bed,
“and endeavour to forget your late alarm,
“by trying to lose yourself in sleep; and
“to-morrow you will be better able to
“converse upon the subject. — In the
“mean time, rest assured, that the Al-
“mighty will never suffer us to be need-
“lessly alarmed; and, therefore, if any
“thing has been permitted to appear, no
“doubt it is for some wise purpose—
“though one, which we cannot pene-
“trate. But we may make ourselves
“perfectly easy—for, as long as we con-
“duct ourselves properly towards God,

“and with honesty and integrity to our
“fellow-creatures, we have no cause to
“fear, that the Almighty, who knows
“every thought and action of our lives,
“will ever suffer any thing of this kind,
“or indeed any other, to hurt us, or
“do us any injury. Therefore do not
“frighten yourself any more—but recollect,
“as long as you merit, and are under
“His protection, you are safe.

Mary, who was still weak and faint, was very willing to adopt the plan recommended by her mistress, and, therefore immediately returned to the bed she had so unluckily quitted: whither, after considerable persuasion she was followed by Ann; who did not like the idea of being again left with only Mary. Susan, however, agreed to stay, and lie down upon their bed for the rest of the night;—and this point being adjusted, Miss Maitland went with Madeline to the apartment of the children, where she usually slept.

Olivia and Emily, undisturbed by the

general bustle, were still calmly reposing ; —and Miss Maitland desired Madeline would make no noise, for fear of alarming them. At the same time cautioning her against mentioning any thing to them in the morning, of what had recently occurred, respecting the ghost ; —and that if she found her orders upon this subject disobeyed, she should be extremely angry.

Madeline promised to be careful ; but seemed so fearful of being left alone, that Miss Maitland, though she affected not to notice her alarm, remained in the room, until her loud breathings announced her to be in a deep sleep. She then softly quitted the room, and returned to her own apartment, taking particular care that her lamp, which had been relumined by the one burning in the chamber of the children, should not be extinguished by the way.

She went down the stairs, and along the passages, almost trembling at the

sound of her own light footsteps; for a sensation of horror thrilled through her frame, which all her efforts were unable to subdue. At length, she reached the door of her own chamber; which she immediately fastened; and sat down almost breathless to recover her agitated spirits. Before the servants, she had found it necessary to assume an appearance of fortitude and indifference, she was far from feeling;—but now she was alone, in the solitude of her own chamber, she had leisure to reflect upon the singularity, and strange appearance of the figure, as related by the maids.

Though she could not easily yield her mind to the conviction of its being a supernatural being they had seen—yet who, or what else could it be!—They had positively asserted that blood had been seen upon its clothes:—yet, on recollection, she thought this might be an exaggeration, caused by the fear of the moment, when it was not likely, that

they should have the clear use of their reason. But admitting this—still a figure had been certainly seen—not only by the maids, but by James on a former night. It was scarcely possible to believe they could all have been deceived, or mistaken; yet she was sometimes tempted to suppose that the whole story must be merely imaginary—or that, perhaps, some one had entered the garden, by way of frolic, to amuse themselves, by imposing on the credulity of the servants.

This seemed the most likely way of accounting for the appearance of the figure;—yet still she knew not how they could gain admittance; as the grounds were surrounded by high walls, except that part, bounded by the Mediterranean. This, therefore, was the only way, by which any one could possibly have entered the garden; and, even then, it must have been attended with considerable difficulty; for they could not have ef-

fecting such a purpose, without first scaling the wall ; which, though low on the garden side, was a considerable height from the shore. This, however, seemed the only probable way of accounting for such an appearance ; though, at the same time, she could not but acknowledge, that it was very unsatisfactory ;—for it seemed scarcely possible that any person should put themselves to so much danger and inconvenience, merely to indulge themselves in a frolic :—one, too, which might have been so easily detected, had any one possessed sufficient resolution to have followed them. Impressed with a dread of she knew not what, and bewildered in a variety of opinions, she remained where she had first seated herself, until the clock from the Monastery struck two. This roused her from her reverie, and determined her to go to bed ; where for a length of time sleep refused to visit her eyelids ; and it was not until the grey

of morning had long dawned through the casements, that she obtained the refreshment, she had so anxiously, but un-availingly courted.

CHAP. V.

Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to night.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the following morning Mary was perfectly recovered ; but joined with the other servants in declaring, that they could no longer consent to remain in a house, that was haunted by such a dreadful apparition, but must quit their present service immediately, unless their mistress would seek another dwelling. Here, they all agreed, it would be madness to remain, after the shocking sights they had witnessed ; and, therefore, immediately after breakfast, proceeded in a body to the parlour, to inform their mistress of

their determination to quit their places that very day.

This resolution caused Miss Maitland very little surprise; for she expected something of the kind; though, not exactly that they would be in such a hurry to leave her, unprepared as they knew she must be—and this she represented to them in terms the most forcible she could think of.

They all expressed much regret at being obliged to leave so good a mistress, but unless—(which they supposed she would not be willing to do)—she had any intention of changing her place of abode, they could not stay upon any account; for was such a terrible apparition to be seen again, it might very likely drive them out of their senses.

The changing her place of abode was an undertaking not very easily accomplished;—for there were few houses in Raimondi large enough to contain a family like hers—and even of those, not

one, at present, to lett. It was in vain, therefore, to think of such a plan. The villa inhabited by the family of Lord Vaversly, though upon a much larger scale than was necessary for that of Miss Maitland, had been taken by another person, immediately upon his Lordship's departure: otherwise, she would have been tempted to engage it, for the short time she intended to remain in this part of the world. But as this resource was now out of question, she was compelled to remain where she was; and to accept, though with much reluctance, the resignation of her servants.

She once more represented to them how ridiculous, not to say ungrateful, it was, to leave her after so long a residence; now, too, when she was on the eve of quitting Raimondi for ever, to pass the remainder of her days in England.—
“I only wait the arrival of Lord Vaversly,” continued she, “and shall then
“set off directly:—surely, you might

“endeavour to combat your fears sufficiently to remain with me till that period. At all events, this figure, whatever it is, is not likely to harm you, any more than either me, or Susan; yet she is the only one of all my servants, whom I have hitherto found so faithful, that is unwilling to desert me. —Just at a time, too, when I most need their assistance!—when my spirits, harassed and depressed, are unequal to sustain any new evil, and when I had hoped to find peace and comfort, at least in my own house.”

The language, either of persuasion or remonstrance, was alike addressd to them in vain. Their fears overpowered their reason, and fidelity to their mistress. And, though some of them wept whilst they said it, declared they could remain with her no longer at the Chateau, than till the next day.

She enquired what they meant to do

with themselves when they had quitted her house?

This was a puzzling question:—to which they scarcely knew what to answer. In fact, they had, as yet, come to no determination themselves. The idea of running away from the ghost had alone occupied their minds, but where they were to run to, was yet unthought of. After a little hesitation, however, James said—“that they should try to get to “England as soon as they could.”

“That will be a more difficult matter, “perhaps, than you are aware of”—said Miss Maitland. “You must recollect “there is now a war between France and “England; you must consequently, be “provided with the necessary passports, “to enable you to proceed, without be- “ing detained as you go along. And, “even then, admitting it possible you “could obtain these, (which, however, “is not very likely) you will be liable to

“ many impediments, and perhaps, at
“ last, not be suffered to leave France at
“ all ; — unless you know some person
“ high in power at Paris, who could pro-
“ cure for you the permission, which many
“ people find so difficult to obtain. James
“ and Jonathan, as men, might perhaps
“ succeed in conquering the difficulties
“ they would meet with, in such an un-
“ dertaking ; but as for you, Mary and
“ and Ann, I would advise you to weigh
“ the matter well, before you engage in
“ an enterprize so rash, and so replete
“ with trouble and vexation. Besides,
“ you will recollect, that in a season like
“ this, when the country has scarcely re-
“ gained its tranquillity, after the shock
“ it received by the late revolution ; and
“ provisions are nearly doubled in price ;
“ it is not a small sum that will suffice to
“ keep four of you, during so long a
“ journey ; — exclusive of the expences of
“ conveyance ; which I should suppose,

“ you would find, in these times, enormous.”

The females appeared somewhat terrified at this statement of the difficulties they might have to encounter; and felt half inclined to remain where no such difficulties would occur—but the men said—that if such was the case, (and, to be sure, they must own it was very likely) why, it would be better for them to go to Montpellier, and try to get into some other service, till a convenient opportunity offered of going to England with some one, who knew better than they, how to manage such matters.

“ You forget how soon I shall be going there”—said Miss Maitland. However, “ it is in vain to say any more!—You are determined, I see, to leave me:—and, therefore, it will be necessary for me to look out for some others immediately. And I hope I shall be fortunate enough to meet with those, who have more for-

“titude, and less of cowardice in their
“dispositions.”

The men, stung by this reproof, sneaked out of the parlour, and were soon followed by the maids ; whose opinions began to fluctuate, about whether it would be best to go, or stay. Now that it seemed determined, their courage began to fail :—they dreaded going into a strange family—and—if they should not get a place, what was to become of them, when their money was all gone—in a foreign land—where they would have no one to recommend them?—especially if their mistress should be by that time gone to England. The picture was alarming ; — and they said—If they were only certain that the ghost would never come into the house, why, they did not know whether it would not be better to stay—for, in that case, they should not so much mind it.

The men, too, were somewhat staggered by the representations of their mistress, but still more by her reproach of

cowardice:—though not feeling that dread of change, which acted so forcibly upon the minds of the females, they did not so readily give up the idea of quitting their present service.—Many debates, however, were entered into by them all upon the subject, without, at last, coming to any exact decision, whether it would really be best to go or stay.

Though it had been the original intention of Miss Maitland, not to mention a word concerning the ghost to Madam St. Valery, yet she now regretted her absence, not knowing any other person, to whom she could apply for assistance, in her present emergency. How to procure other servants in the places of those, who had just declared their intention of leaving her, she knew not—there was no time to be lost;—and she was sitting in the utmost perplexity, when the door opened, and Madame St. Valery entered.

“My dear Madam!”—said Miss Maitland, starting up eagerly, and running to

meet her embrace—"How happy I am to
"see you!—When did you return?"

"Why, I came home yesterday; but
"was so incommoded upon my journey,
"by the excessive heat, that when I
"reached my own house, I was necessi-
"tated to lie down, and recover myself.
"I never was so overcome in my whole
"life!"

"The heat was uncommonly intense
"the whole of yesterday;"—observed
Miss Maitland.

"O! I never felt any thing to equal
"it!—It was almost past endurance!—
"I meant to have looked in upon you
"yesterday, but I really overslept myself
"till it was too late: for I was so fatigued
"with the journey, and with having been
"up part of the night before, that when
"I once dropt asleep, it was no easy
"matter to wake me. I think Annette
"said, when she called me, it was near
"nine, and almost supper time."

Miss Maitland then enquired after her

husband ; and when they were both seated, his wife replied—“ O ! he is very well ; “ but he did not return with me ; he is “ gone on to Montpellier, on business. “ But you must not imagine, my dear “ friend,” continued she, “ that I had “ forgotten you, though I did not call to “ pay my devoirs yesterday ; for, after “ supper, wishing to see you, and finding “ myself much recovered, (my long nap “ having rendered me quite alert,) I re- “ solved to pay you a visit :—and, for “ that purpose, came into the garden, “ through the little door of which you so “ kindly gave me a key, and of which “ I so frequently avail myself, thinking “ that I should be certain of finding you “ seated in the parlour with a book— “ which I know is customary for you to “ do. To my great surprise I found the “ folding-doors already fastened ; and no “ light appearing through the lattices, as “ would have been the case had you “ been within, I concluded that you was

“ indisposed, and had retired early :—a
“ circumstance, I have heard you say, you
“ do not make a practice of, for, I be-
“ lieve, you, as well as me, do not, in ge-
“ neral, go to bed very early.”

“ At what time was this ?” enquired
Miss Maitland.

“ About eleven, I should think. I do
“ not imagine it could be more than that,
“ at the time I first came into the gar-
“ den. But the night was so warm, and
“ the moonlight scene upon the ocean so
“ calm ! so refreshing ! so delightful !
“ that I was loth to leave it :—and, I dare
“ say, I continued there, for, at least, an
“ hour : indeed, I know I did—for I
“ heard the Convent clock strike twelve,
“ before I could prevail upon myself to
“ quit it.

“ You will smile at the question I am
“ going to ask,” said Miss Maitland :—
“ but did you observe, or see any thing
“ in the garden besides yourself ?”

“ Myself !—How do you mean ?—No !

“ I don’t recollect that I did.—But explain ; for I do not exactly understand you.”

Miss Maitland then related the story which had caused so much consternation amongst the servants—who had positively asserted, that they had seen a ghost, at the very hour when her friend must have been in the garden.

“ It was me they saw ;”—said Madame St. Valery — “ and nothing else, you may depend upon it !”

“ I should be inclined to think so myself” returned Miss Maitland — “ only they both declared positively that the figure they saw came from under the mulberry tree, and that it was all over spots of blood : whence they imbibed the idea, of which it is impossible to divest them, that it was the restless form of some murdered person. And, as there is a ridiculous, traditionary story in circulation, it seems, concerning some murder that was formerly

“ committed within these walls, they are
“ not to be convinced but, that the figure
“ they saw last night, was the apparition
“ of the female, supposed to have been
“ made away with.”

“ I am that female, however,” cried
Madame, laughing heartily at the idea of
being taking for a spectre:—“ and now
“ you mention the blood, I am convinced
“ it was me they saw, and me only ; for,
“ it must be confessed, I cut a most san-
“ guinary figure. When I was, after-
“ wards, undressing myself, I was really
“ shocked at my own appearance.”

“ Had you wounded yourself in any
“ way, then ?” enquired Miss Maitland.

“ No ;—it was nothing of that kind :”
replied Madame.

“ How then could you make the ap-
“ pearance, which you describe even as
“ terrifying to yourself.”

“ Easily enough. But I will tell you
“ how it was. When I had sat for some
“ length of time upon my favorite spot,

“ at the end of the terrace, enjoying the
“ pure air, and watching the beautiful
“ effect of the water sparkling in the
“ moon-beams, I, at last, grew tired of
“ sitting still, and rose for the purpose of
“ taking a walk towards home. When I
“ came, however, to the narrow path
“ leading through the bushes to our little
“ gate, I stopt—and loth to leave this
“ charming place, so delightfully cool
“ and refreshing, for my own house,
“ where I had found the heat so oppres-
“ sive, I determined to remain where I
“ was a little longer; and instead of
“ turning the narrow path, pursued my
“ way straight along the walk, which
“ leads up the ascent, towards the Cha-
“ teau.”

“ It was here then, I suppose, they saw
“ you?” said Miss Maitland.

“ No;—they did not see me then.
“ Had any one been at the windows at
“ that time I should have observed them,
“ for I had my eyes fixed upon the Cha-

“teau the whole time I was coming up
“the walk. It must have been after-
“wards—at the time I came from under
“the tree. — Being somewhat fatigued
“with sauntering up the ascent, I again
“seated myself, in the little bowery re-
“cess, you have so tastefully arranged
“under the mulberry tree ; and, as I was
“here lost in the obscurity of shade, my
“ideas wandered to Montpellier, and St.
“Valery, and I was only recalled from
“my reverie, by hearing the Convent
“clock striking the hour of twelve.—
“Astonished to find it was so late, I
“quitted my shadowy seat, and emerging
“from the deep obscurity caused by the
“thickly interwoven foliage of the tree
“above my head, which totally excluded
“the moon-beams, my eye was once more
“fascinated by the beautiful scenery of
“the grounds, and I stopt for a few mo-
“ments under the tree, to view this
“charming spot, reposing thus serenely
“in the moonlight.”

“ Here it was,” continued she, “ that I
“ must have been seen by your servants :
“ —though little did I imagine that I
“ was an object of curiosity and alarm,
“ or indeed that I was even seen by mor-
“ tal eye. However, it seems I certainly
“ was. And when I recollect the asto-
“ nishment almost amounting to horror,
“ with which I viewed my own appear-
“ ance in the glass at my return, I need
“ not be surprised that the poor girls
“ should have been so much shocked, or
“ that they should have taken me for
“ some one, who had been murdered.
“ In fact, I had the semblance of being
“ sprinkled with blood from head to foot,
“ and having on a white dress, it ren-
“ dered the crimson spots more visible.
“ I was really simple enough, myself, to
“ feel shocked, and to wonder how I
“ came by it : but when I recollected
“ having stood for some moments, just
“ before I left the garden, in a manner,
“ stationary under the mulberry tree, the

“ fruit of which is now quite ripe, I was
“ no longer at a loss to account for it.
“ The way I got these terrible looking
“ spots was evident enough ; and I could
“ not help smiling at the consternation I
“ had been in.”

“ You have set my heart at rest ;”—
said Miss Maitland, “ I have no longer
“ any doubt concerning the spectre—and
“ I only wonder that the probability of
“ such a circumstance did not occur to
“ me before !—The mulberries are so apt
“ to fall from the tree, when quite ripe,
“ that I had a little covered seat placed
“ under it for that very reason ; and when
“ they do fall upon any thing, the stain
“ they leave so much resembles the co-
“ lour of blood, that I am not at all sur-
“ prised the servants, (under the influence
“ of fear as they were) should mistake
“ the one for the other. Yet still there
“ is one question I have to ask. Was
“ you ever in the garden, at that late

“hour, on any night previous to last
“night?”

“Let me consider—Yes; I was—one
“night quite as late, or I believe it
“might be later. It was only the night
“before I left Raimondi.—But, pray,
“was I taken for a ghost on that occa-
“sion too?”

Miss Maitland answered in the affirmative: and gave her an account of what James had said, concerning her appearance;—of her gliding along the terrace;—and of her vanishing amongst the bushes;—and concluded, by saying, that they had never even once glanced a thought towards her, as being the cause of their alarm; but had made up their minds, upon that occasion, to an assurance, that what they saw, was the restless spirit of the deceased Lady Vaversly.

“Really, I am much concerned, my
“dear friend,” said Madame, “to think
“what trouble and uneasiness I have given

“you, and what disturbance I have occasioned in your family, by my nocturnal rambles. But, I should never have supposed that had any of your servants seen me, they could possibly mistake me for any one else, knowing my person so well as they all do: and that they should fancy my form resembled that of your deceased and lamented friend is a most astonishing circumstance! for I know of no resemblance between her and me, except in height.”

“In figure, you certainly resemble her;” said Miss Maitland—“and when the moon-beams cast upon your countenance a pallid hue, you appeared to them as wearing the livery of death. If fear once takes complete possession of the faculties, common sense is for a time excluded, and the most familiar objects are seen through a distorted medium. Thus when you went through the narrow path, which all the servants know very well, leads to the door of

“communication between our gardens,
“James never thought of that circum-
“stance, but when you turned out of the
“walk, and was lost to view amongst the
“bushes, to his distempered fancy you
“appeared to vanish.”

“I wonder his fears did not magnify
“my going off with a violent clap of
“thunder!—for I remember, now, as I
“passed through the door, it creaked so
“provokingly loud and harsh, that I was
“afraid I should alarm every person in
“the Chateau, and call you all out of
“your beds.”

“I heard of the creaking”—said Miss
Maitland—“and it was that which first
“alarmed the poor fellow—for I cannot
“help pitying his terror and delusion,
“though I must at the same time own,
“he was a sad coward.”

“Which, by-the-bye, was very lucky
“for poor me!—for it is probable, that
“had he possessed more courage, I might
“have had a pistol levelled at my head.

“ —I declare the idea makes me shudder ;
“ —and will for ever put a stop to my
“ midnight wanderings in the gardens of
“ other people. But I am not the first
“ female, who has been taken for a ghost
“ in these grounds ; for your predecessor,
“ a Mrs. Wilson, from England, who
“ rented the Chateau for a time, was
“ supposed also, once, to be a superna-
“ tural being, by some person, who passed
“ the garden in a boat, as she was sitting,
“ in the evening, on one of the many
“ pleasant seats, which are scattered
“ about the grounds. She laughed hearti-
“ ly when she told me the story the next
“ morning ;—for seeing the man stand-
“ ing up in the boat, and evidently
“ watching her, she left her seat, with
“ the intention of enquiring his busi-
“ ness —thinking he might have mis-
“ taken the proper place of landing, and
“ that she could perhaps, give him the
“ necessary information. But as she de-

“scended the slope, he cast on her, as
“she told me; a look of horror, and pad-
“dled off as fast as ever he could, with-
“out once looking behind him. On the
“following day, a report was current in
“the village, that the Chateau was haunt-
“ed ; and though Mrs. Wilson more than
“once endeavoured to convince the vil-
“lagers, that the report was without
“foundation, it was, I believe, without
“effect. However, like all other idle re-
“ports it died away, and was forgotten—
“only the strange occurrences we have
“been speaking of to-day, brought it
“afresh to my recollection.

“It might have been smothered for a
“time”—said Miss Maitland—“but it
“was not forgotten ; for that report has
“been the original cause of all my ser-
“vants’ terror and alarm. Madeline’s
“father was the very man, who saw this
“lady you speak of, as he passed in his
“boat ; and was so firmly convinced that

“ he had seen a spectre, that no persuasion
“ whatever could have induced him to
“ go near that place again after night-
“ fall. Madeline brought this story into
“ my family; which, in a manner, pre-
“ pared their minds for something extra-
“ ordinary: and the Chateau being very
“ ancient added strength to the terror
“ which had been inspired by this impro-
“ bable tale: and it, at last, grew so
“ powerful, that they feared to move
“ about the house alone. I endeavoured
“ to make them sensible, that there was
“ no real cause for dread—and really with
“ much good effect—for I heard no more
“ of the ghost for a considerable space of
“ time. This was before I went to Italy.
“ Since our return, at least since the
“ death of my lamented friend, the sub-
“ ject has been revived with tenfold hor-
“ ror;—and had you not, thus fortunate-
“ ly, elucidated every mystery, to-morrow
“ they would all have deserted me, and I

“ should have been left in a most unpleasant dilemma.”

“ Upon my honor, my dear friend, I have to beg your pardon for the vexation I have been the means of occasioning you—but how the silly creatures could mistake me for a ghost is absolutely astonishing ! Mrs. Wilson, poor woman ! worn by ill health, had a countenance uncommonly pale and thin—she might, with some degree of probability, have been supposed an inhabitant of another world ;—but me !—with my round face, and florid colour !—to take me for a spectre !—How I shall make St. Valery laugh, when I tell this story to him !”

“ I am afraid, now,” said Miss Maitland, “ that it will be no easy matter to undeceive the servants—their fears have taken such strong hold, that it will be a work of difficulty to displace them ; and I am apprehensive that they would

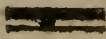
“ discredit, even the conviction of their
“ own eyes, whilst their present infatu-
“ ation lasts.”

“ I will tell you what I will do, if you
“ approve of it,” answered Madame St. Va-
“ lery—“ and that is—I will put on my
“ blood-stained, or, if you please, mul-
“ berry-stained habiliments, and enter
“ the garden to-night at the usual time,
“ or rather before, if you have no ob-
“ jection?—and then, I think, you may
“ easily convince them, that the dreaded
“ object, which inspired so much horror
“ and dismay, and which had nearly sent
“ them all flying over to England, simple
“ souls ! was nothing more terrible, than
“ their next door neighbour, Madame St.
“ Valery.”

Miss Maitland, thinking the scheme a good one, and likely to be attended with the desired effect, thanked her friend for the suggestion :—and it was agreed upon between them, to say nothing upon the

subject to the servants before the evening, when Madame St. Valery, according to agreement, was to make her appearance in the garden.

Having arranged this plan to their satisfaction, they soon after separated.



CHAP. VI.

I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

SHAKESPEAR.

MISS MAITLAND hoped much from this plan of Madame St. Valéry's, which appeared likely to remove every doubt from the minds of the servants, and to shew them how ridiculous it was to suffer themselves to be alarmed and terrified so far, as to run the risk of throwing themselves out of place, and quitting a good service, with a mistress whom they all respected, - upon an occasion so very simple and trifling.

Her anxiety to have this affair settled was so great, that towards evening, she grew quite impatient; the time, which seldom hung heavy on her, now seemed to drag along with tardy pace, and every five minutes seemed an hour. The clock from the Convent struck loud and deep—"it must be eleven," thought she—she counted it regularly and carefully—it was only ten!—"I must have made a mistake," said she, taking out her watch—but she was very right—it was only ten.—Though Madame St. Valery had not mentioned the exact hour, when she intended to make her appearance, yet she supposed it would not be very long first, as she had said, that it should be at an earlier one, than on the preceeding evening. However she anxiously counted the minutes through another long hour, thinking it would never be at an end, until the deep-toned bell from the Monastery clock announced it really to be eleven—and almost at the same mo-

ment, James entered the parlour, attended by the whole body of servants, (who remained just outside the door, whilst he came in,) and informed his mistress, with a countenance, on which terror and alarm were strongly imprinted—that if she would only have the goodness to step into the kitchen, she might there see, to a certainty, that they had advanced nothing but the truth; for that the ghost of some murdered person, (and the man shuddered as he spoke) was to be seen at the present moment, (if it had not already vanished) standing on the very spot, where it had appeared to the maids the night before.

Her satisfaction was great to hear Madame St. Valery was, at last, arrived;—but she endeavoured not to suffer it to appear, whilst she professed her readiness to take a view of this surprising figure. James, at her desire, led the way into the kitchen, whose windows overlooked the garden; where she found all the other

servants trembling in a group, without so much as offering to turn their eyes that way. Being only just outside the parlour door, they had heard their mistress agree to follow James into the kitchen, and wishing to know what such a courageous woman, (as they reckoned her to be,) when she saw the ghost herself, would say—they had all scampered off to await her coming—and had just reached the kitchen, when she entered, preceded by James.

All were now silent—in anxious expectation.—The women expected to hear her scream as she walked towards the window: and the men felt assured, that she would no longer have cause to accuse them of cowardice. She remained, however, for a few moments perfectly quiet, gazing on the form before her;—and, whilst she did so, was no longer astonished at the alarm of the servants; for a more terrible figure, than Madame St. Valery now appeared, spotted from head to foot,

apparently with drops of blood, could scarcely be imagined. The moon shining full upon her countenance, deadened her natural colour, and rendered her face so pale and ghastly, that she could not help shuddering whilst she contemplated her shocking figure. If she felt these unpleasant sensations, knowing who, and what it really was, how much less was it to be wondered at, that it should have created such universal terror and consternation among the servants—who had not the least idea from whence it proceeded. However extravagant might have been their fears, she could not but allow, that such an appearance offered a full apology.

She was at a loss how to manage the affair, so as to avoid any suspicion of a preconcerted scheme, which might probably counteract the good effects, that she otherwise hoped would be derived from it. After some little time, therefore, given to reflection, she turned to

the servants, and said—“ this is a dreadful figure, I must confess !”

“ Oh ! we knew you would say so, “ when you saw it !”—exclaimed they, all, together.

“ Yet,” continued she, still gazing upon it, “ I am almost convinced I have “ seen the face before—it is a countenance perfectly familiar to me, I am “ sure !” /

“ That is just what I said, Ma’am,” interrupted James, — “ says I, I know the “ face very well—though, as it was not “ my Lady’s, why I could not make out “ very well who it was like. It can be “ no acquaintance of mine ; for, the “ Lord be praised ! I never had nobody “ belonging to me that was murdered.”

“ It must be Madame St. Valery whom “ it resembles”—said Miss Maitland, as if considering—“ sure, it cannot be her “ after all—she came home yesterday, I “ know :—the likeness is certainly very “ strong—yet, I know not how to think

“ it can be her neither !—Come forward
“ Mary and Ann, and let me have your
“ opinions.”

The girls, however, hung back, unwilling to face this terrible object : which being perceived by Miss Maitland, she forbore to press it, and called on Susan for hers.

Susan, though she had not been let into the secret, was of the same way of thinking ; and James and Jonathan, who now came forward, said—it certainly had the features, though not the colour of Madame St. Valery.

“ The mystery shall be unravelled to-night, however,” said Miss Maitland.—
“ Have any of you sufficient courage to follow me into the garden ?”

The men hung back, without answering ; and the females crowded round her, to entreat her not to run the risk of encountering the spectre. “ It may fly away with you, Ma’am,” said Mary—

“O! pray—let me beg of you not to go!”

“Nonsense!”—cried Miss Maitland—
“I have no such fear—I trust in the
“Almighty, and, therefore, have no
“cause to be alarmed.—If you would
“all go with me, I should certainly prefer it, and should be obliged to you;
“but if not, as I am determined to solve
“this mystery, and find out who, or what
“this figure really is, I shall go alone.
“This suspense, I am resolutely determined shall end to-night. Once more,
“therefore, I ask—Have any of you
“sufficient courage to go with me?”

Susan, though her heart palpitated whilst she made the offer, had too much affection for her mistress to suffer her to go alone, where danger threatened; and though she trembled at what she considered as presumptuous rashness, yet immediately volunteered her services.

Miss Maitland warmly thanked her;

and accepting her offer, they quitted the kitchen together.

James and Jonathan, who really valued their mistress, and would, either of them, have been the foremost upon any other occasion, to have shielded her from danger, finding her thus resolute, now looked at each other ; and feeling a sensation of shame at being thus outdone in courage by a woman, quickly resolved to follow her, and brave the threatened danger. The maids, afraid of being left by themselves, ran after them ; and keeping close at their heels, by the time Miss Maitland and Susan entered the garden, they were overtaken by the whole group.

The night was calm and beautiful : and the moon shining brilliantly, enabled them to see distinctly every object.

Miss Maitland led the way towards the spot, where Madame St. Valery had been stationed :—but she was no longer to be seen. Conjecturing, however, that she could be at no great distance, she stopped

when she came to the mulberry tree, and called loudly to know—If any one was there?—A voice from the recess answered Yes;—and instantly a form was seen advancing—which caused the servants to retreat hastily in all directions, leaving Miss Maitland alone with Madame St. Valery.

“Do not be alarmed!”—said she, raising her voice, that she might be heard by the servants—“it is only me! come to “enjoy a little fresh air this fine evening. “—Holy Virgin! what do they all run “away for?”

Hearing a voice so familiar to their ears, and on turning round, seeing their mistress apparently conversing with the supposed ghost, they ventured to draw a little nearer; though it was sometime before they could give credit even to the evidence of their own eyes sufficiently to believe, that this dreadful apparition was no other than the living Madame St. Valery.

They looked at the spots upon her gown, and then at each other:—which being perceived by Miss Maitland, (who wished to clear their minds from every doubt) she enquired, How Madame contrived to get her clothes in such a pickle?

“Why, last night,” said she, “I must
“needs stand star-gazing here under the
“mulberry tree; and, as you see, I con-
“trived to get sprinkled, by the falling of
“the fruit, in this disagreeable manner
“from head to foot. It was well that I
“was not likely to be seen by any one,
“for if I had, I should certainly have
“been taken either for a wounded person,
“or a murderer; which would have terri-
“fied those who happened to see me, and
“might have been attended with unplea-
“sant consequences to myself. But pray,”
continued she, “give me leave to ask—
“What brought you all out in such a
“crowd?”

“To tell you the truth,” replied Miss Maitland, smiling, “we took your lady

“ ship for a ghost :—but as I am rather
“ hard of belief in such matters, and
“ cannot endure to remain in suspense,
“ when so easily in my power to ascertain
“ the fact, I was determined at once to
“ be convinced :—and it was with this
“ intention, that we all came into the
“ garden.”

“ A ghost !”—cried Madame St. Valery, laughing—“ how in the name of
“ wonder could such an idea enter into
“ any of your heads !—Take me for a
“ ghost !—I, that have so often rambled
“ here before, many and many a night !
“ I wonder you never saw me then !—
“ And, at one time the gate creaked so
“ abominably, that I am astonished that
“ did not alarm you !”

“ O, James !”—cried Madeline—“ that
“ was what you heard, you know !—La !
“ how we have been frightened to be
“ sure ! and all for nothing, after all !”

“ Yes ; I see it all plain enough, now,”

—replied James, “and feel quite ashamed of myself.”

“You put me in mind of a similar occurrence,” said Madame, “which happened before you came into this part of the world.” She then related the circumstance of Mrs. Wilson having been taken for a spectre, by some person in a boat.

“Well!”—exclaimed Madeline, “if that was not my own father!—to think how odd things do come about!—Father shall hear of this, however! for he would have been ready to swear before any body, aye, even the king himself, if they hadn’t cut off his head, poor man! that what he saw was an apparition.”

“I hope it will be a lesson to us all, for the future,” said Miss Maitland, “never to suffer our fears to get the better of us so far, as to fancy every thing we see, (that we cannot exactly ac-

“count for at the moment) is something
“supernatural, or as you term it, a ghost
“or apparition: but, if we are alarmed at
“any strange appearance, endeavour to
“check the sudden fear it may occasion,
“and by a little courage try to investi-
“gate the cause. It will amply repay
“us for the exertion: for, in ninety-
“nine cases out of a hundred we shall
“find, that our alarm has been without
“foundation, or that it has been occa-
“sioned by the most simple and trifling
“circumstances.”

“I’ll never be frightened again, as
“long as I live,” said Madeline, “that
“I’m resolved on!—But I can’t help
“laughing too, (I hope you’ll excuse
“me, Ma’am) to think what a parcel of
“simpletons we have all been!—How-
“ever, now, thanks to the Blessed Vir-
“gin! I shall sleep in peace!—Oh!
“what a fine thing it is to be so courage-
“ous!—Holy Virgin!” screamed she, the

next moment, " what was that, that
" touched me ?"

" That's you," said Ann, " who was
" to be so courageous all of a sudden—
" however, I don't see but you can scream
" as loud as me for the life of you !—why
" it was only me, you simpleton !

" It now grows late," said Madame St.
Valery, to Miss Maitland, " therefore,
" I shall bid you farewell :—and as to you,
" good folks," addressing the servants,
" I hope you will never on any future oc-
" casion take me for a ghost. It is not
" unlikely but you may chance to see me
" here again before long : I love dearly a
" ramble by moonlight, and shall, in all
" probability, frequently avail myself of
" your mistress's permission to walk in
" her garden. And if, at any time, you
" should happen to be alarmed at seeing,
" perhaps, a bench turned up endways ;
" a horse's white face peeping over a
" hedge ; or," (and she laughed) " any of
" your old friends in the garden—you

“have only to think on Madame St. Valery, and your alarm will vanish in an instant—And now, my friends, having given you this piece of advice, I will wish you all good-night.”

The servants smiled as they returned her salutation ; and then went back to the house, perfectly convinced that their fears had been wholly groundless.

Miss Maitland walked with her friend as far as the little gate, which divided the gardens ; where, bidding each other good-night, they separated. And the former returned to the Chateau with light footsteps, and a heart relieved from a weight of care.

On the following day, the servants were to have quitted the Chateau :—instead of which, they were now as anxious to remain. But ashamed of their late conduct, which they feared their mistress would consider as ungrateful, they could not muster sufficient resolution to speak to her upon the subject.

Susan, therefore, was requested to undertake this office; with which she good-naturedly complied. And for this purpose, entered the parlour soon after breakfast, with a commission from the united group, to entreat the forgiveness of their mistress; and to beg it as a favour, that she would think no more of what they had said about leaving her, but excuse their folly, and permit them to continue in their places as before.

She informed Susan that she wished to speak to them herself. They obeyed her commands, and entered the parlour, though very reluctantly.

Olivia and Emily were both in the room.—They had heard of the servant's belief in the existence of a ghost, and she now wished them to be present at their recantation.

On their entrance, Miss Maitland assured them of the pleasure it gave her, to find them restored to the use of their rea-

son; and that they had no longer any intention of leaving her;—and, as that was the case, should gladly retain them in her service. “Of course, you are now “convinced,” added she, “that there “was no foundation whatever for your “late alarm?”

“Completely so:”—was every one’s reply.—And they likewise owned, that their conduct had been very silly.

“Well! let it be a caution to you, for “the future,” resumed she, mildly, “not “to give way to alarm upon every trivial occasion—or, if you are, as I said “before, at any time under the influence “of fear, do not suffer it to get the better “of you; but endeavour, immediately, “to investigate the subject of alarm, and, “believe me, you will, generally speaking, find it to turn out a mere nothing.”

They all promised to pay particular attention to her advice; though they trust-

ed they should never need it, for they now considered themselves, as proof against fears of every kind.

She congratulated them upon this happy change, and exhorted them to persevere in such good resolutions, which only required a little courage, to ensure success. After a few words more upon the same subject, they left the parlour; and as they passed along the passage, Madeline was heard to say—"O! what a fine thing it is to be courageous!—I only wish I was as courageous as my mistress!"

She soon returned, however, to take Olivia and Emily to the Convent;—and Miss Maitland sat down to work after their departure, with a sensation of pleasing tranquillity, to which she had been long a stranger.

CHAP. VII.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
 Would cunningly persuade us we are something
 Above the common level of our kind,
 The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,
 And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

BLAIR.

PEACE being now completely restored in the interior of the Chateau, the winter passed rapidly away. Miss Maitland had heard several times from Lord Vaversly, and frequently from her brother. The former still spoke of coming to Raimondi in the spring; and, at last a letter arrived with the information, that she might expect him in the course of a month from the time the letter was dated.

It likewise contained the pleasing intelligence, that he was to be accompanied by Sir William Maitland, whose sons were now at Harrow, where he had also placed his own son Arthur.

Few circumstances would have been productive of greater pleasure to Miss Maitland, than a meeting with this beloved brother, and this intelligence afforded her the utmost satisfaction and happiness. A very few weeks now only would elapse, before the meeting would take place, and she anticipated it with all those fond emotions, which so joyful a subject would naturally introduce.

Her grief for the loss of her friend had now subsided into a tender melancholy—not unpleasing. She loved to dwell upon the remembrance of her virtues; but this remembrance was now unaccompanied with that acute anguish, which at the first period of her decease, had proved so agnoizing. Time had mellowed her sorrow into resignation—and, though she

now thought of her as frequently as before, and loved her idea as fondly as ever—yet she could now talk of her without shedding tears ; or recall her to memory without feeling those painful emotions, which she had found so oppressive at their first separation. She possessed, likewise, that consolation so cheering to the Christian—the hope of a re-union in a future World !

Two or three weeks soon passed away, and the time now drew near, when the meeting she had so fondly anticipated was to take place. The gaiety and cheerfulness which this subject inspired, threw over the whole face of nature an additional charm ; and she could almost fancy that spring had never before appeared in so much beauty, or that the country around her had never, till this period, exhibited so much magnificence and lofty grandeur. So true it is—that external objects chiefly take their colouring from our internal feelings.

If we are sad, Nature, at least for us, smiles in vain!—every thing around us wears a mournful hue:—but when the heart is light, and the spirits gay, then the most trivial object can please and animate:—all nature seems to partake of the joy and happiness which reign within our own bosoms. Where is the man, who has not felt the truth of this conviction?—Nowhere.—There is no such person in existence!—Every one, at some period of his life, has felt this in its utmost force.

Every thing was now in readiness at the Chateau, for the reception of Lord Vaversly and Sir William;—the month was completely expired, and yet they came not.—On the last day of it, Miss Maitland anxiously awaited their arrival, and, at the sound of every carriage that passed through the village, her heart palpitated.—Now they are coming, thought she—she listened, expecting to hear them stop—but the sound retreated, till it was

lost in distance. Several times in the course of the day was she thus tantalized and deceived; but hope whispered, that it was most probable they would not reach Raimondi till the evening. Evening, however, drew on apace—still they came not. At last, when she had nearly ceased to expect them for that night, a sound of carriage-wheels was heard at some distance. —“Hark!”—said she, listening—but the wind blowing furiously, prevented her from hearing them distinctly. “Shall I run up stairs, and see?”—asked Olivia.

“Yes; do, my dear.”—replied Miss Maitland.

Whilst she was gone up stairs the sound drew nearer. —“O, yes!—I am sure it is a carriage now!”—cried Emily —“Hark!—did not I hear them stop!”

“Did you?”—said Miss Maitland, starting from her seat.—“Are you sure of it, Emily?”

“No, I am not sure;—only I thought I

“ did——Hark !——don’t you hear them
“ now ?”

“ I hear one going on, my dear,” replied she mournfully—“ but it has passed
“ the Chateau, and, therefore, cannot be
“ coming here.”

Olivia now entered, with a heavy step, and sorrowful look, saying—“ It was no-
“ thing but the Montpellier Diligence
“ going to Avignon.—O ! they won’t
“ come now, I dare say !”—added she.

Miss Maitland was of a similar opinion. Yet still every cart or cabriolet that passed through the village, caused her heart to palpitate, and her frame to tremble. She endeavoured to divert her mind from thinking upon the subject, but she could think of nothing else. The Chateau was, however, shut up for the night, and the domestics retired to repose.

Though vexed at the disappointment, Miss Maitland was not uneasy at their non-appearance, so many occurrences might have happened, which they could

neither foresee, or prevent if they had foreseen, to retard their journey. Contrary winds might have delayed their passage from England ; or they might have experienced some difficulties on their road through France ; which in these troublesome times, since the revolution, she had heard were very likely to detain travellers. Yet, as she well knew, to those who possessed money, there were ways and means of overcoming these difficulties, she gave herself no concern, but hoped at the end of a few days, to see them both, well and happy, under her own roof.

Another week, however, past away ; every day of which was spent in unavailing expectation. Still they came not. She began now to fear that something must have happened to prevent their journey. Yet if that had been the case, she felt almost assured they would have written to her—for she knew that both Lord Vaversly and her brother were of that

class of men, who pique themselves on being punctual in all their proceedings: therefore, had any thing occurred to retard their setting off, she was sure they would have apprized her of it, by letter. One of them might, possibly, have been taken ill upon the road—yet, even then, the other might have informed her of it. She, therefore, rejected this idea, but formed a thousand others, equally vague and unsatisfactory. After puzzling herself for a length of time to no purpose, she endeavoured to chase from her mind all melancholy anticipations, and to hope for a happy termination to her perplexities.

Day after day, however, rolled on—another week was gone—and still she heard nothing of them.—She now grew seriously uneasy, and the suspense she was compelled to endure began to seem intolerable.

At length, to her great relief, a letter was delivered to her in the hand-writing

of her brother, which bore the post-mark of England.

They have been prevented then!—sighed she—alas! I suspected as much!—She held the letter in her hand, and as she was going to open it, the black seal caught her attention.—She trembled.—Sure, there is a death in the family, thought she—perhaps one of my nephews.—Her spirits before agitated by hope long delayed, sunk as this idea crossed her mind—but almost the next moment she recollected, that her brother, in all probability, yet wore mourning for Lady Vaversly, in compliment to his Lordship.

Blaming herself for thus giving way to apprehension, she unfolded the letter; where she received a confirmation of her fears, by reading an account of the sudden death of Lord Vaversly.

This unexpected intelligence gave her a severe shock, and she could read no further; the letter dropt from her trem-

bling hand. In a few minutes, however, she grew more composed, and taking up the letter, (though the shaking of her hand rendered it, at first, almost unintelligible) read her brother's account of this melancholy and distressing affair.

Sir William wrote——

“ That Lord Vaversly and himself had quitted London together, at the appointed time, and sat out for Dôver, where they meant to embark for France. He was very well during our journey thither,” continued Sir William—“ indeed better and more cheerful than I have seen him since the death of his wife. When we reached Dover, the wind being unfavourable, we agreed to sleep there that night, and to hope for a change by the morning. His Lordship eat a hearty supper ;—seemed in good spirits ;—laughing, and telling me, who had been warmly standing up for Old England, that when I once saw the beautiful scenery in

the vicinity of Raimondi, I should retract my opinion, and he should hear me confess that France, in point of country at least, was infinitely superior to England. This, merely for the sake of argument, I would not allow; and he, for the same reason, I suppose, persisted in asserting its superiority. At length we separated for the night. Poor Vaversly!—little did I think when we shook hands at his chamber-door, that we had separated for ever!—But so it was!—The next time I saw him, he was a corpse!

“On going to the breakfast-room the next morning, I sat sometime patiently awaiting his appearance.—You know, my dear Ellinor, I am never in any very great hurry—but having sat, I believe, nearly an hour, I fancied he had walked out, as I knew he was, in general, an early riser. I enquired among the servants and people of the Inn, whether they had seen him:—but they all answered in the negative. Judging, however, that this was

certainly the case, and that he had, perhaps, rambled further than he was aware of, I determined to wait half an hour longer, and if he did not come in by that time, to have my breakfast. At the end of that time, I rang the bell, and desired the waiter to bring it in; and whilst he was doing so, I recollected, that no one had, as yet, knocked at Lord Vaversly's chamber-door, and that after all, perhaps, he was sound asleep in his own room. I, therefore, desired the man would go and tap at it, and inform his Lordship, that I was waiting breakfast for him.

“ I can't make any body hear, Sir, said the waiter, on his return.—I knocked as loud as ever I could, but nobody answered. Was the door fastened, then? said I.—O yes! replied he, it was either locked or bolted.—It was very strange! cried I—perhaps you did not knock loud enough.—The gentleman must be dead if he did not hear me!—replied the man—but I can go again if you wish it?—Aye,

do, said I—I dare say he only sleeps thus long and soundly after the fatigue of yesterday's journey. The man went, but returned in a few minutes, saying—that if the gentleman was there, he must be as deaf as a post, for he had knocked at the door loud enough to have waked the dead. This alarmed me. 'Shall I break it open?'—enquired the man, who had observed my change of countenance; 'if you please, I can do it in a few seconds?'—I was loth to have recourse to a measure so violent, and for some time hesitated; but, at last, fearing something must really have happened to him, gave my consent to have the lock forced. This was soon effected, and we gained admittance into his chamber. To my great surprise, we found him seated on the side of the bed, in his morning gown, as if just risen, with his head upon the pillow. Are you not well, Vaversly?—said I—but I received no answer; he neither moved nor spoke.—I took his hand, and

repeated the question:—it was cold as marble; and struck an icy chilliness through my frame.

“ Instantly I dispatched a messenger to procure the nearest medical assistance. He promised to be expeditious. In the mean time, I chafed his hands, and bathed his temples with volatiles, usually resorted to upon such occasions, procured for me by the Landlady, who shewed much humanity and attention to my poor friend; but without avail—his face was totally colourless, and no symptom appeared to indicate returning animation.

“ At length, to my great relief, the messenger entered the room, where I was so anxiously awaiting his arrival, bringing with him a Surgeon of eminence; who had no sooner examined the state of my unfortunate friend, than he pronounced him, irrecoverably dead:—and, that he had no doubt, but he had been so some hours.

“ I was, in a manner stupified!—I could

scarcely believe the scene was a reality ! — I almost fancied I was in a dream ! — Dead ! — cried I, in the utmost amazement — impossible ! — Surely, Sir, I must have misunderstood you ! — You could not — did not, say my friend was dead !

“ I would not wish to wound your feelings, Sir, replied the Surgeon, but it is too true : — Life has flown from this unfortunate gentleman for several hours.

“ To paint my feelings, when I received this afflicting intelligence, would be impossible ! — Surprise — grief — and horror, assailed me all at once, and I was so completely overpowered, that — to you, my dear Ellinor, I may say it — for some moments I wept like a woman. Though conscious this was a great weakness, yet I am not sure that it did not prove salutary, for, except being vexed at this display of imbecility before the Surgeon, I was afterwards more composed, and felt greatly relieved by it.

“ The Surgeon, who seemed not de-

void of either feeling or humanity, took no notice of my emotion, but prepared to open a vein in the arm of my unfortunate friend, and to try the effect of other remedies calculated to restore suspended animation. All were alike ineffectual!—nor did he try them, as he afterwards told me, with any prospect of success, but merely to satisfy those doubts I appeared to entertain of his dissolution:—for, at his first entrance, he had been perfectly convinced, that every spark of life was extinct, and that his spirit had fled for ever!

“The shock was so sudden! so unexpected! that I was like one bewildered.—I scarcely knew what I said, or what I did.—How could this happen, Sir?—said I, addressing the Surgeon, in a wild, incoherent manner—what could have been his complaint?—Of his answer I have no recollection, my ideas at the time were so confused: but he has since told me, that he considered it as apoplectic; though

as the body was not opened, the exact cause of his death could not be ascertained.—Alas! my dear sister, it was one of those sudden visitations of Providence, which are so frequently occurring around us, and to which we are all equally liable. —Ah!—how necessary then is it to be prepared!—Yet man! unthinking man! travelling on his journey through life, where ‘Death’s thousand doors stand open,’ sees one friend disappear, and then another! yet still blindly pursues the beaten track, seemingly unconscious that the same dangers which have swept them from existence, may, at the next moment be fated to overwhelm him also.—But, ‘all men think all men mortal but themselves.’

“I was so much affected, that I was obliged to leave it to Perkins, (who you know better than I do, having lived with his master at Raimondi,) to give the necessary orders, and the poor fellow was almost as much shocked upon this me-

lancholy occasion, as I was myself. In the mean time, I endeavoured to collect my scattered ideas, and to reflect upon what would be the best plan for me to adopt. After a time I grew calmer, and my emotion by degrees subsiding, I regained the free use of my intellects, and sat down to write a short note to Mr. Grenfell, to apprize him of this unhappy affair. It was necessary that Arthur should be immediately acquainted with the death of his father, but I rather chose to write an account of it to Mr. Grenfell, than to the lad himself, that the former might break the matter to the poor boy as gently as possible. I further told him, that it was not necessary they should come to Dover, as I should accompany the remains of my friend to London almost immediately; but that I wished they would meet me there. Instead, therefore, of proceeding on my journey to France, I followed the corpse of poor Vaversly to London.

What a different destination!—How were my plans changed!

“ Travelling alone, and very slow, as I leant back in the carriage, I mused on the uncertainty of human life, of its pleasures, and of its pains:—and when I reflected how greatly the former were overbalanced by the latter, I was in that state of mind, that I almost envied him his fate. Yet this delusion lasted not long—and I was ashamed of my ingratitude!—Heavy afflictions have, to be sure, poisoned my cup of happiness, but still I have many blessings—my children yet remain, and your affection, my dear Ellinor, is, I trust, yet unabated. Of what then have I to complain?—Has my lot been worse than that of others?—Ah, no!—every one has his own private sorrows—and these often lie concealed under a smiling exterior. There are sufferings which we wish not to trumpet to the world—we should, perhaps, only be laughed at if we did:—yet these are in

general, the most oppressive ; they corrode inwardly, and effectually undermine our happiness. When I hear a man relating a catalogue of his ailments, or expatiating profusely upon any troubles which may have happened to him, I seldom feel disposed to pity him. Ability of talking copiously I consider as incompatible with real suffering :—where there is much volubility, grief speedily evaporates. At least such are my sentiments : and yours, my dear Ellinor, will, I doubt not, coincide with mine. Yes ; I recollect the silent grief which occupied your whole soul upon a never-to-be forgotten occasion ; you could not talk—you could only weep.—But this is a subject, on which I know not how I have stumbled—one, which it is essential to the peace of both, should never be revived. Alas ! memory will sometimes revert to former scenes, and joys long past start up in review before us !—Yet such reflections should not be encouraged ; they

only sadden our present prospects, and are alike futile and unavailing.

“ When our melancholy procession reached Grosvenor Square, I found Mr. Grenfell and Arthur waiting to receive me. The coffin was placed upon tressels in the great drawing-room, and it is, I should think unnecessary to add, how much we were all affected. Poor Arthur was the very personification of sadness!—I did not imagine the boy had so much sensibility about him.

“ I knew of no relation Vaversly had, and I, therefore, applied for information on this head to his son; but he was equally ignorant; nor did he remember his father ever speaking of any relation. Lord Vaversly was, I know, an only child, and that his parents died when he was very young, therefore it is probable that he had no very near relations. I judged it proper to send for Mr. Watkins, previous to the opening of the will; which we had found in a private drawer,

among some other papers belonging to his Lordship: but he, being confined with the gout, was unable to come; though he recommended us to delay no longer, but to open it immediately. We accordingly did so. It had been made since the death of his wife; and, in it, Mr. Grenfell and me were nominated Executors, with a legacy of five hundred pounds each. Arthur, of course, takes the title and estate—besides which he has left him a considerable sum of ready money, when he shall have attained the age of one and twenty. To his daughter he has bequeathed fifty thousand pounds, and half of the residue:—the other half goes to Arthur. To you, there is a legacy of one thousand:—but neither Mr. Watkins, or his wife's mother are even mentioned.

“ The latter, I know, received an annual income from him, for several years subsequent to his marriage; but I have some reason to think, from hints now

and then dropt by him lately, that it has been discontinued. Mr. Watkins has made a fortune rapidly in business, and is now generally reckoned a very rich man; probably he did not choose that his mother should be under any further obligation to his Lordship, when he was so well able to provide for her himself. How this was between them I cannot say. Poor Vaversly!—he was upon the whole a worthy fellow, and possessed many good and estimable qualities—but he, unfortunately, had one foible—Pride—(which you and I have so often lamented)—which threw a shade over his virtues, and obscured their lustre!—But peace be to his manes!—I will say no more—‘his faults lie buried with him.’

“Had Mr. Watkins not been confined with the gout, he would have attended the remains of his deceased brother-in-law down to Vaversly Park, but he was unable to move hand or foot. The corpse, therefore, was accompanied

only by Mr. Grenfell, Arthur, and myself, down to the family Seat : but at the gate it was met by the whole group of tenants, who preceded it to the ‘Mansion appointed for all living’—where it now quietly reposes by the side of his lamented wife.

“ After a short time Mr. Grenfell will return with his pupil and ward to Harrow, where he thinks it will be proper for Arthur to remain a year or two longer ; and though some time must necessarily elapse before I shall now be able to leave England, having the affairs of poor Vaversly to settle and arrange, yet I will take the earliest opportunity, my dear Ellinor, to come over and fetch you.—Therefore, make yourself easy. I long to have you home again—and to see your little Protegéé—you have now another—poor Olivia!—but she is too young to be acutely sensible of the loss she has sustained, in being thus deprived of both her parents. Happily she has

you, in some measure to supply the place of one of them—you will act towards her with the affection of a mother.

“ I have been minute, judging that you would be anxious to know every particular. Mr. Grenfell, and Arthur, Edward and Henry, who I have had at home with me for a few days since this melancholy affair, beg to be kindly remembered to you and the little girls—and now I will conclude this long letter, by assuring you I will set off for Raimondi, the very first opportunity, and till then, and ever remain

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM MAITLAND.”

London, March 29.

Olivia wept when she was made acquainted with the contents of this letter ; but more from a sense of disappointment, and from a feeling of sympathy with the tearful countenance of Miss Maitland,

than from any real grief arising from the death of her father: who was, at times, harsh and imperious in his manner towards his children—particularly, when upon any occasion, he fancied they conducted themselves too humbly, or did not appear to entertain a proper sense of his, or their own dignity.

At their age, these omissions were very frequently recurring. Youth is seldom so tenacious of rank or dignity—and as both Arthur and Olivia resembled their mother in disposition, they too often, upon such occasions, incurred his displeasure. Living, therefore, in constant dread of inadvertantly saying or doing something that would call forth his anger, fear, in the bosoms of his children, was a more predominant sensation than love.

Since the death of his wife, his temper and manners had been much softened.—Misfortune had shewn him the inefficacy of worldly honours to ward off the stroke

of affliction ; and whilst the death of his wife cast a gloom over his prospects, and subdued his spirits, his haughtiness had considerably abated. Arthur, who had been with his father till very lately, was sensible of the change in his disposition, and whilst the constant companion of his rambles over the park and grounds, felt his affection every day increase. His father's death, therefore, had affected him most poignantly, and he mourned for him with the sincerest grief.

Olivia, on the contrary, who was, besides, three years younger than her brother, remembered her father only as he was, before her mother's death ; when she and Arthur were almost afraid of opening their lips in his presence, for fear of incensing him, by talking of who they had seen, or where they had been — which, perhaps, might not accord with his ideas — or draw upon them his displeasure, by unconsciously mentioning some one, with whom, he would angrily tell them, they

ought to have known better than to associate—or even to speak to, without they were actually obliged.

There were moments, when his pride was hurt at the idea of their associating so intimately with Emily—“a girl,” he would say, “who derives her origin from “nobody knows who:—and my children to be so familiar with her. She “may be the daughter of a barrow-“woman, for what we know—who may, “perhaps, one day or other come to “claim her.” The bare idea of such a possibility was grating to his feelings.—He would have forbade his children, instantly, from having any further communication with her—but then, he must also give up the friendship and acquaintance of Miss Maitland, and not only of Miss Maitland, but, likewise, of her brother. Sir William and his sister had been old friends, and were of a family ancient and respectable as his own; he,

therefore, did not wish to offend them, or give up their friendship ; which, he knew, must be the case, should he forbid the intimacy between the children — for he was well aware, that Miss Maitland would resent any indignity offered to her favourite ; who, as she had frequently informed him, she considered, in every respect, as her own child.

Stifling, therefore, all appearance, or expressions of dislike in the presence of Miss Maitland, he suffered the intimacy between the young folks to continue ; — but he could never bring himself to consider poor Emily in any other light than as an object of charity, and one, which he never looked on, without wishing to have removed.

Though he thus effectually, as he fancied, — (for she easily saw through the restraint he imposed upon himself, though she forbore to notice it) disguised his real sentiments before Miss Maitland, yet

the whole force of his ill-humour was directed to the object who innocently inspired it:—for he never could prevail upon himself to take any notice of Emily, though she was a child of most engaging manners, and might have won the regard of any unprejudiced person. But if, as sometimes happened, she came alone to the villa, to play, or drink tea with Olivia, he would then take no pains to subdue or disguise his ill-temper, but suffer his splenetic humour to appear—and would, not unfrequently, scold or speak cross to his own children, merely because they seemed to take so much pleasure in the company of their little friend.

There was a littleness—a meanness in such conduct, unworthy of his rank and station; and which, in any other person, he would have been the first to find fault with, and condemn.—But it was in him solely the effect of Pride—of an overbearing—unconquerable—hereditary

Pride !—for, however paradoxical it may seem, it is, nevertheless true—that Pride is seldom to be found unaccompanied by Meanness.

Olivia, therefore, associating these recollections with the idea of her father, and remembering him only as he was at this period ; when she was never thoroughly happy, except when he was from home, or that she went to spend the day with Miss Maitland and Emily at the Chateau, where they were allowed to ramble over the grounds free and unconfined—could not be supposed to feel much sorrow at the information of his death :—and had not a new set of mourning habiliments been provided, which brought to her recollection the death of her lamented mother, she would scarcely have shed a tear, after her first emotions of disappointment at their not coming to Raimondi had subsided. And when Madeline, at night, whilst undressing her,

condoled with her upon her misfortune, she said in reply—"Ah well! but I
" may think myself very lucky it was
" not poor Arthur!

CHAP. VIII.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
 Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
 Hope swells his sails, and Fancy steers his course.

BEILBY PORTEUS.

MISS MAITLAND having, rather prematurely, as it happened, given notice to her Landlord of her intention to quit the Chateau at a certain period—he had taken the first opportunity of letting it; and she found it was already engaged by a family from Italy, who were expected from thence, to take possession of it, in the course of three weeks:—consequently, at that time, she would be under the necessity of leaving it.

She wrote to her brother to this effect:—at the same time telling him, that she considered it quite unnecessary that he

should have the trouble of coming as far as Raimondi to fetch her, as she could travel very well to England under the protection of her own servants only :— particularly just at this period, when a friend and neighbour of hers, Monseieur St. Valery, would be going about the same time to Paris, upon business, and had undertaken to be her escort thither.

“ Be under no alarm for me, when you hear this, continued she, for Paris is now, I am assured, completely tranquil. The storm has spent its rage, and a calm, though, perhaps, of transient duration, has, at length succeeded. Yet, surely they will be glad to be at peace :—even the most tumultuous, I should think, by this time, must be satiated with riots and confusion. The sanguinary scenes they have recently been witness to, must surely have checked their ferocity : — scenes, which can never be reverted to, without inspiring a sensation of horror, even to those who were

happily, far removed from the destructive vortex. Be under no apprehensions for me, for I shall reach England, I have no doubt, very safe:—as to myself, I am perfectly fearless—for Monseieur St. Valery assures me there is no longer any danger; and he is a man, on whose word implicit reliance may be placed.

“To go from hence to England by way of Paris, is somewhat round-about; but in the present instance, my journey will be rather accelerated than retarded by it. For Monseieur St. Valery having a near relation at Paris, who is now high in office, under the present rulers, and who, as my friend informs me, is both able and willing to render me any assistance; I shall, through his interest, be likely to obtain the necessary passports with much greater facility, and be enabled to procure a passage over the water, with much less of difficulty, than might, perhaps, otherwise, have been the case: for I am told, that many persons, now,

find all attempts to leave France abortive and unavailing.

“ In the course of a fortnight, therefore, I shall, in all probability, leave Raimondi, and in less than a month I hope to have the felicity of meeting you, my dear brother, in my native land!— and so happy does the prospect make me, that no wandering exile ever hailed his return to the shores of England, with more heartfelt rapture, than I shall, when I once again perceive its well known cliffs!

“ You will hear from me again before we meet, as I shall write to apprise you of the exact time of our setting off. It is, at present, uncertain, as it depends upon the receipt of some letters from Paris, of which Monseieur St. Valery is in daily expectation. Of course, I must wait his time— however, my dear brother, we shall soon meet, and whether a day sooner or later will make no great difference. Olivia, and my little Emily, who I hope,

may I flatter myself you *must* like, send their love to Arthur and Mr. Grenfell; and at the same time bid me present their compliments—(mind the distinction) to you, and the Master Maitlands—for they desire me not to say Edward and Henry, (though the names are very familiar to their ears) fearing you should think them rude—but when we meet, my dear brother, we must order it otherwise; for I would have all these dear children as of one family, of which you and I will be the heads—but we will talk more of this by-and-bye—I have written too long a letter already, and will now only say, that I am, and ever shall be,

“Your affectionate Sister,

“ELLINOR MAITLAND.”

Raimondi, April 12.

Having dispatched this letter to her brother, she with a light heart busied herself in setting about the necessary preparations for so long a journey—but with her present feelings, the distance appeared as nothing—for was she not going to England—to her family—and she anticipated the pleasurable emotions she should experience, when she first came in view of her native land.

The letters so anxiously expected, (as on them depended the time of their departure) arrived the next day; and their journey was, at length, fixed to take place, exactly a fortnight from the present period.

As the time drew near, Madeline was inconsolable. — “Just when she had got
“into so good a place—where she loved
“every one in the whole family—it was
“hard!” she said, “very hard! that she
“should be obliged to leave it. “O!
“Miss Emily,” continued she, weeping,
as she was walking with her young ladies

in the garden—"O! Miss Emily! Miss Emily! what will become of me, when you are gone?—O dear! O dear! I shall never, never see you any more!

"Why can't you go with us, Madeline?"—enquired Emily, whilst tears of sympathy started in her eyes.

"What to England?—O! Miss Emily! you don't consider what a long way that is off: all over sea, too:—and then poor father and mother!—what would they do when I was gone?"

"I forgot them;"—sighed Emily—"No;—to be sure you can't leave them:—you must stay at Raimondi—but I shall miss you sadly, Madeline, when a stranger comes to dress me."

"Shall you, Miss Emily?" cried Madeline, again sobbing as if her heart would break—"O dear! O dear! how shall I ever bear to leave you!—O! that I should ever live to be so unhappy!—Now, too, when we are all begun to be so comfortable—no ghosts, nor nothing

“ to frighten us out of our senses, walking
“ about in the grounds of a dark night—
“ not but what I know very well, there
“ never was none, but then we thought
“ there was, and so, that was quite as
“ bad. But now, when we are all got
“ so courageous! and so quiet! and so
“ happy! that we should not mind ’em
“ much if we did see ’em—that is, I
“ mean, not very much—for I do think
“ I should still be a little frightened if I
“ was to see one, though I mightn’t fall
“ down in a fit as Mary did—I might
“ scream or so, but that would be no-
“ thing—I should soon find out it was
“ not a ghost, because there is no such
“ thing, you know.—I sha’nt forget that
“ in a hurry: my mistress proved that to
“ me sure enough!—So, to think that
“ you should all go to England, and
“ leave me by myself just now, when I
“ was got so courageous! and so agree-
“ able! and so comfortable! is too much!

“O! it is too much!—and will, I dare
“say, be the death of me!”

“Do not cry so, Madeline,” said Emily, in a tone of voice at once soothing and affectionate—“I wish I could help
“leaving you!—but you know very well
“its no fault of mine—now don’t cry so,
“there’s a good girl!—for it makes me
“quite unhappy.”

“I do think,” said Madeline, suddenly drying her tears, “that if father
“and mother would part with me, and
“my mistress—but, perhaps, she wouldn’t,
“you know—would take me with her to
“England, why, I would try and muster
“up courage to go. Courage is a fine
“thing young ladies! But, somehow, I’m
“afraid of going over that sea they talk
“of!—But then—how I should like to
“see England! such a beautiful place
“as I’ve heard it is!—with houses! and
“trees and all! much prettier than we
“have in France.—Mary and Ann often

“and often tells me all about it: as for
“their parts, they never talks about any
“thing else. Besides, I should like to be
“a traveller; and be able to tell other
“people of the wonderful things I had
“seen, and the astonishing things I had
“heard.—But, pray, Miss Emily, is there
“any burning mountains there?”

“No; that I am certain there are
“not.”

“And what is the sea like, that we
“have to go over?—Any thing like our
“own Mediterranean here?”

“I suppose so;”—replied Emily—“but
“I never saw it, Madeline, any more
“than you—and I don’t feel at all
“afraid.”

“Don’t you, Miss Emily!”—cried
Madeline, shuddering, “well! I only
“wish I was courageous!—but, somehow,
“I don’t think I ever shall be—for I am
“always meeting with something or
“other to frighten me:—so, you know,
“its impossible I should ever grow coura-

“geous, for fright always takes away all
“my courage in a minute.”

“But there is nothing to be afraid of
“in England, I believe” observed Olivia;
“there every body, as I’ve heard people
“say, may do as they like:—for every
“one is free there. It was but the
“other day, I heard Miss Maitland tel-
“ling Madame St. Valery, that the li-
“berty they made such a fuss about here,
“but which appeared to be only a name,
“was enjoyed in England by the poorest
“peasant.”

“O, dear! then,” exclaimed Made-
line, “that’s the very place for me to go
“to!—for I dearly love to do as I like—
“and I’ll tell you why:—because I never
“yet was able to do so in my whole life.
“When I lived at home, father and mo-
“ther used sometimes to be monstrous
“cross—when I wanted to go out, why
“they wanted me, perhaps, to stay at
“home and work; and, if I didn’t, father
“sometimes threatened to turn me out

“ of doors :—so, you see, I did not do as
“ I liked then. So, then, I was to go
“ out to service :—now, then, I shall do
“ more as I like, thought I—and it was
“ only along o’that, that I was prevailed
“ upon to come into this haunted Cha-
“ teau, for I was a good while first, be-
“ fore I would consent to come. But
“ father said, he heard it was a good
“ lady, and a place that would just suit
“ me, as I had never been out before, so
“ he, at last, you must know, insisted upon
“ it, that I should come. ‘What to be
“ ‘swallowed up by the ghost!’ said I—
“ ‘Nonsense! Madeline,’ said father,
“ ‘what harm will it do you?—behave
“ ‘well, and you need fear nothing; girls
“ ‘who have to go out in the world, must
“ ‘not stand upon every trifle.’—But fa-
“ ther, you know,” said I, “you was afraid
“ of the ghost yourself. ”

“ What did he say to that?” enquired
Emily.

“ Why he was as angry as any thing.

“ ‘Pho ! Nonsense !’ said he, ‘that was
“ ‘a great while ago—and I don’t know
“ ‘for a certainty that it was a ghost I
“ ‘saw. However, go you must,’ said
“ he, ‘for I can’t afford to keep you any
“ ‘longer, and so there’s an end of it.’
“ So what could I do, you know?—I was
“ obliged to come whether or not—and
“ now its a good thing for me as I did,
“ for the ghost was nothing but Madame
“ St. Valery after all :—but as I was say-
“ ing, you know, it was not doing as I
“ liked at all, for nobody could come
“ with a greater grudge to any place,
“ than I did to the Chateau at first.”

“ But do you think your father will
“ let you go to England with us ?” asked
Emily, who was much interested in the
question, as she had a real affection for
Madeline—who, in return, felt the warm-
est love for her young mistress—“ Do
“ you think he will consent to let you
“ go ?”

“ I dare say he would,” replied Made-

line, "if my mistress was to ask him—
"but, perhaps, she won't like me to go
"with her. She has never said any
"thing to me about it."

"O, yes, she will ;"—said Emily, joyfully—"but, if you like it, Madeline, I
"will ask her?"

"O! I shall like it above all things!"
cried Madeline—"but now be sure, Miss
"Emily, you don't forget."

"That you may depend upon:" said Emily—and she kept her word; for that very day she mentioned the subject to her Benefactress, and intreated her very earnestly to take poor Madeline with them to England.

"Consider," said she, "how lonesome
"and dull it will be for her here, when
"we are all gone. Poor Madeline!—
"she is a very good-natured girl—don't
"you think she is?—and she wishes to
"go to England!—Now you'll ask her
"father to let her go—won't you, my
"dear Miss Maitland?"

“ Since you and she have set your
“ minds so strongly upon it,” said Miss
Maitland, “ why, I believe I must—but
“ I must give it a little consideration be-
“ fore I can promise—At present I see no
“ objection—but I must turn it in my
“ mind ; and then, if I find nothing
“ which ought to prevent it, I will see
“ about it to-morrow.”

“ O ! I know you will !—I know you
“ will !”—cried Emily, joyfully skipping
about the room—“ and Madeline will
“ go with us to England.—Ah ! I can
“ tell by your looks she will !—Yes, yes,
“ now I’m sure she’ll go with us—O ! I
“ am so happy !—I’m so happy !”—Then
running hastily out of the room, she flew
to Madeline, and acquainted her with the
joyful intelligence, expecting her to be as
animated, and as full of pleasure upon the
occasion as herself.

Madeline, however, who was not quite
so good a judge of the looks of Miss
Maitland, as was Emily, feared that the

words of the former meant something more than the latter had understood ; and that by the next day some obstacle might be raised, which would prevent her from asking the permission of her father.—

“ O ! ” cried she, “ that to-morrow was
“ but come ! — what would I give, if it
“ was but here directly ! — I wish I had
“ Fortunatus’s wishing-cap ! — Did you
“ ever hear of it, Miss Emily ? ”

“ No ; — never. — Who was Fortunatus ?
“ Any body of your acquaintance ? ”

“ O, no ! Miss Emily, I never knew
“ any thing of him — but he was some-
“ body as had a cap — such a wonderful
“ cap ! — I never heard what it was made
“ of, that I recollect — but you had only
“ to put it on, and whatever you wished
“ for, you had in a minute : — you need
“ not talk ; — you need not ask ; you had
“ nothing to do but wish, and pop on
“ your cap — and there it was before you
“ — you had it in a minute. If you

“ wanted a good dinner—pop on your
“ cap—there it was, (ready drest, I sup-
“ pose, but I did not hear that) all laid
“ out before you:—you had it in a min-
“ ute.—I you wanted fine clothes, it was
“ just the same; you had them in a min-
“ ute:—If you wanted, as I do, to go to
“ England—pop on your cap—nothing
“ could prevent you—over the water and
“ all you would go, and there you would
“ find yourself the very next minute.”

“ How astonishing!” — said Emily—
“ but somehow, do you know, Madeline,
“ I can’t believe it.—You say you did not
“ know him yourself.”

La! no, Miss Emily—it was, I dare
“ say, a thousand years ago—but its very
“ true for all that.—I wonder you never
“ heard of Fortunatus!—I thought every
“ body had heard of him.”

“ Perhaps he was a Frenchman,” ob-
served Emily, “and as I was born in Eng-
“ land, that may account for it.—Did

“you ever hear what countryman he
“was? some Frenchmen, I have heard
“say, are very ingenious.

“La! Miss Emily, what did you
“think then he made the cap?—Holy
“Virgin! why it was given him by his
“godmother, who was a Fairy.”

“Then indeed!”—said Emily—“it
“might be something wonderful:—but
“somehow, Madeline, do you know, I
“cannot believe its all true.”

“I do, though:”—said Madeline, seriously—“and I only wish I had it now!
“—for on my head it should go to a certainty. First, I would wish to-morrow
“was come;—then, that father might let
“me go:—next, that I might be there
“without going over the water:—and,
“last of all, that I might get a good husband—soon:—that I might get one
“soon!—that should be my last wish.”

“And is that all you would wish for?”
—enquired Emily.

“Yes; that’s all, I believe.—Give me

“but these, and I don’t know that I wish
“for any thing else.—To be sure, now I
“think of it, I might, perhaps, wish, that
“vintage time would come two or three
“times a-year; instead of once:—that fa-
“ther and mother was richer:—or, that
“I might come to be a great lady:—but,
“la! you know, Miss Emily, what’s the
“use of wishing and wishing for things
“as you never could get? why, I know
“that would be quite impossible—there’d
“be no sense in that at all.”

“Well, now,” said Emily, “if I had
“this gentleman’s cap, I should never
“wish for any of the things you have
“mentioned; they would be of no use
“to me.—I don’t want a husband; nor
“I don’t want to be rich. There are but
“two things in the world that I should
“wish for!”

“La!—what can they be!”—interrupted Madeline—“I should like very much
“to know!—for I don’t see how such a
“young lady as you are, can want, or

“ wish for any thing.—Now do tell me
“ what they are?—Will you?”

“ One,” said Emily “ is,—that dear
“ Miss Maitland may never die!—and the
“ next—that I may some day or other
“ find out, who are my parents.”

“ Ah! to be sure, you would like
“ that, Miss Emily,” cried Madeline—
“ I declare, now, that never once entered
“ my head!—But, I thought somebody
“ said, your mother was dead; that she
“ died in the ship, on the water:—I know
“ I heard something once about it; un-
“ less I dreamt it.”

“ I don’t know how that was,”—said
Emily, mournfully, shaking her head—
“ I don’t know whether that was my mo-
“ ther or not, but——”

“ Hark!”——interrupted Madeline —
“ was not that the parlour bell?—Yes,
“ that it was, as sure as fate!”

“ It is to know where I am so long,”
said Emily, “ so I must go now, Made-
“ line—but make yourself easy—for

“ know you’ll go to England with us, if
“ your father will let you—so good-bye,
“ and I know you’ll go with us.” Then,
pleased and happy, she skipped along the
passages, and the next minute entered
the parlour.

CHAP. IX.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

MISS MAITLAND, who entertained a high opinion of the faithfulness and integrity of Madeline, and wishing to indulge her litte favourite, took an opportunity to call upon the parents of the former, on the following day;—and, having informed them of her errand, requested to know if they had any objection to part with their daughter; as she believed it was the wish of all parties, that she should accompany them to England.

The old people looked at each other, and hesitated—they knew not what to say. To part with their daughter, seemed terrible!—yet they did not like to refuse; fearful of offending the good lady, who had come about it herself, too,—at last, however, they recollected, that they had not even asked her to sit down; and the mother bustled about to get a chair properly dusted, and fit, as she said, for such a lady to sit upon.

Miss Maitland, however, perceiving their embarrassment and irresolution, declined their offered civility, and told them—that as this affair required a little consideration, they had better turn it in their minds, and let her know their final determination on the following day.—“Probably, you may wish to see your daughter first,” continued she, “to consult with her upon the subject, before you decide; therefore, I will send her to you in the evening, and then you may talk over the matter together.”

“ The Holy Virgin protect and bless
“ you, Madame !” said the mother, “ for
“ all your goodness to our poor child.—
“ Ah ! I know not where she would have
“ met with such another place ! — I hope
“ she behaves well, Madame ?” said the
dame, courtsyng.

“ Very well ;” — replied Miss Maitland.
“ Madeline is, I believe, a very trusty
“ good girl. I have not the least fault
“ to find with her.”

“ O ! I am so happy to hear it !” said
the mother, whilst the tears started in
her eyes—but brushing them off with her
apron, continued——“ Yes ; — Madeline
“ is a very good girl upon the whole, I
“ think, and always was. When she was
“ a little thing, hardly as high as this
“ chair, she was always good-natured—
“ and would do any thing with a good
“ word. Bless her heart ! she was al-
“ ways lively and full of fun ! — and
“ would skip about like a whirligig—send

“her of an errand, and she’d be back
“again in no time.”

Miss Maitland smiled at the good woman’s praises of her daughter, and said—
“Well, she does not appear to have lost
“any of these spirits you speak of, for
“Madeline is always merry, always good
“humoured, that I will do her the justice
“to say. But now, my friends, I must
“wish you good morning;—I will send
“your daughter down this evening—and
“to-morrow you can let me know, how
“you and she have settled it.”

She then left the cottage, accompanied by the prayers and blessings of the old people, whose hearts she had completely won by her condescension, and the praises she had bestowed on Madeline:—for there is no language so pleasing to the ear, as the praises of those we love.

They followed her to the door of the cottage, bowing and courtying—and when she was out of sight, said—that

if all the English people were like this lady, it might be worth while to go and live in England themselves.

The idea of a separation from their daughter, was, at first, too terrible to think of:—but, by degrees, as they saw the advantages she would be likely to reap from it, they grew more reconciled to it. Still, however, they were irresolute, and could not make up their minds—and when Madeline came in the evening, they were yet undecided. Madeline, however, who was at once loth to leave her parents, and at the same time, eager to go, brought forward so many reasons why it would be better for her to accompany Miss Maitland, and so few, in support of her remaining at Raimondi; that, at last, the old people, thinking it would be for their child's advantage, yielded a reluctant consent. And, it was settled, that Madeline, on her return to the Chateau, should acquaint her mistress with their acquiescence.

Madeline was so overjoyed when this business was settled, that she was like a mad creature, crying and laughing by turns. “ Dear ! what a traveller I shall “ be ! ” — cried she, joyfully — “ and what “ sights and wonders I shall see : — and “ there we are to live, Ann says, in a “ large house, in the very middle of a “ fine park. But then, I shall never be “ able to see you of an evening — and say, “ How do’ye do, father ? — How do’ye do, “ mother ? — When did you see Jaques, or “ Josephine ? — Ah ! I shall know nothing “ about you all then ! — How surprised “ they’ll be to hear I am gone ! ” and her countenance once more brightened : — “ what will they say, when they hear “ I’m to be such a traveller ? — But I “ should like to see them once more too, “ before I go — suppose I should never see “ them any more ! — Oh ! I should be so “ unhappy ! ” — and then she wept. — Thus between the dread of leaving her relations, and her eagerness to become a

traveller, she was alternately elated and depressed, as the different ideas crowded upon her mind. At length, however, it was time to return, and she carried a message back to her mistress from her parents, according their consent to the emigration of their daughter.

Emily was overjoyed ; and till the time arrived for their departure, Madeline could neither talk or think of any thing else. — England was the constant subject of discourse, not only with the other servants, whom she was continually entreating to tell her all about it, but, likewise, with Emily and Olivia, who knew very little more of it than herself. But still it was a pleasure to them all to talk about their approaching journey ; for, with the eagerness of childhood, they anxiously anticipated the time of their setting off, and began to think it never, never would arrive.

On the evening previous to their departure, Miss Maitland, having settled

every preliminary, and completed all her arrangements, took a walk in the gardens of the Chateau for the last time, ere she bade them adieu for ever.

There is a feeling of melancholy natural to the human mind, on taking a last farewell, even of inanimate objects. Miss Maitland was now sensible of this:—for, when she looked around her, there was scarcely a tree, a seat, or a distant prospect, that did not recall to mind some scene either of happiness or of sorrow, which she had felt or experienced since her residence at the Chateau; and she seemed as if going to part with old friends, who had been long and deservedly dear to her.

On the Mediterranean she gazed for the last time, and memory brought in review before her, the many evenings she had sat with Lady Vaversly in this very spot, watching the waves as they sparkled in the moon-beams, or listening to their soothing monotony, as they broke, in

low murmurings upon the shore. Here, too, her friend had loved to sit, and talk of England—distant England!—which she, alas! was fated never to see again.—That friend was now no more!—and, who knows! sighed she, as the death of Lady Vaversly pressed upon her mind, whether I may be permitted to live to reach it. The sudden and recent death of his Lordship rushed across her thoughts, and she again sighed to reflect, how uncertain and precarious is our present state of existence.

She lingered some time, ere she could prevail upon herself to quit the place, and remained with her arms resting upon the wall, and her eyes fixed upon the Heavens, until the Convent clock striking nine, warned her that it was time to go. She threw one more glance over the bosom of the ocean, which spread its broad expanse before her, and sighing from the remembrances it excited, turned away,

and walked up the path leading to the Chateau, meaning to take an early supper, and retire soon to bed.

As she walked pensively up the path, she was met by Madame St. Valery ; who had entered the garden, by means of the private door, and who seemed much depressed — a very unusual circumstance with her, and, indeed, with any individual of her country—for she was come to bid Miss Maitland farewell.

“ Ah ! my dear friend ! ” — cried she, on their first meeting, (for her grief was not of a silent nature) — “ and am I then
“ going to lose you ? — O ! I was never
“ so miserable before in my whole life ! —
“ St. Valery going to Paris for I know
“ not how long, and you ! — you are go-
“ ing to leave me, alas ! for ever ! — Ah !
“ what will become of me, when you
“ are gone ! — I shall be so sad ! — so me-
“ lancholy ! — But, must you really go
“ with St. Valery ? — Ah ! my dear friend,

“ have pity on poor me, and do not go
“ to England till St. Valery comes back
“ again.”

“ Nay, my dear Madam,” said Miss
Maitland, — “ that would be impossible.
“ I have written to my friends in En-
“ gland to apprise them of my arrival ;
“ and, was I to alter my plan, and dis-
“ appoint them, they would be under
“ the most extreme uneasiness on my
“ account. Besides, you will recollect,
“ that I have already waited sometime
“ for Monseieur St. Valery, who, you
“ know, is to be my protector through
“ any dangers I may chance to encoun-
“ ter ; and though, on your account, I
“ regret the necessity which obliges him
“ to be so long absent, yet, that he
“ should be travelling to Paris, just at
“ this period, I cannot but consider, on
“ my own, as a very fortunate circum-
“ stance.”

“ And so it is, to be sure, my dear
“ friend” — said Madame — “ pray excuse

“ me now for being so selfish, as to think
“ of your proceeding on such a journey
“ alone and unprotected. — I did not,
“ surely, know what I was saying. The
“ thoughts of losing you both have be-
“ wildered my senses, for I have been, in
“ a manner, beside myself all day.——
“ Ah ! I find it is a dreadful thing to
“ part with those we love !

Miss Maitland was much affected, — though she attempted to say something to Madame St. Valery by way of consolation — but her spirits having been considerably agitated previous to their meeting, she could only falter out, in a hurried manner, and in a voice scarcely audible, a wish, that she would, at some future period, visit her, in England.

“ Ah ! if it only rested on me,” said Madame St. Valery, “ you should see
“ me there very soon. England, of all
“ other places, is the one I wish to visit.
“ And who knows”, continued she, as if newly animated, “ but ere long my

“wishes may be gratified—for now I
“shall have an additional inducement—
“and, what is more likely to take me
“there, one, which St. Valery, himself,
“even, will be disposed to admit.”

Miss Maitland now warmly repeated her invitation :—and having, by this time, reached the Chateau, the friends were compelled to separate ; as Madame St. Valery declined entering, from a fear, that if she did so, her husband would be waiting supper—as it was their intention, likewise, to retire early. Miss Maitland extended her hand to Madame St. Valery without speaking, for her emotion was too powerful to permit her to articulate the word, farewel!—but Madame St. Valery hastily bidding her good-night, ran down the garden, calling out as she went, that she would see her in the morning—and being soon through the little door, which closed after her with violence, she returned no more that night.

Miss Maitland remained stationary,

for a few moments, in the place where she had left her, thinking, she might, perhaps, return :—but she came not :—and she, at length, entered the parlour, where the same feelings pervaded her mind, that she had been susceptible of in the garden ;—and there was not a chair or a table in the room, from which she did not experience a sensation of sorrow, at the idea of parting.

How can we account for this, at the mere idea of parting with inanimate objects ?—Is it, that they are associated in our minds with the remembrance of scenes long past ?—that they bring to our memory, the sorrows and regrets—the joys and pleasures,—of our former days ?—Yes, —it must be so.—Objects we have long been familiar with, naturally introduce these associations to the mind ; they bring back our former joys without agitation, our former sorrows without bitterness ; and together introduce that pleasing melancholy, which is particular-

ly soothing to the pensive mind, and which persons of a contemplative cast of character, are, at all times, fond of indulging.

To such persons, every object they have long been familiar with, seems to possess a claim upon their regard ;—they view them in the light of old friends—and their regret at parting with them is the natural consequence. There are minds, to whom the removal of a tree—a shrub—with which they had been long acquainted, would be attended with an unpleasant feeling ; nay, even disagreeable objects, when the mind has become habituated to them, insensibly lose their unpleasantness, and, reconciled to them by degrees, (such is the force of habit) we, in time, forget, that they ever possessed any other qualities, than those, which it is not unlikely, we are, at present disposed to think favorably of :—though, at first, perhaps, those very qualities, might only have inspired our disgust.

Whilst seated at her solitary supper—for she never kept a servant waiting when alone—Miss Maitland, as she cast her eyes around, experienced these kind of sensations, in their fullest force. Here, she had sat with Lady Vaversly, in pleasing conversation on past times.—There, she had talked with the same friend, on the subject of Lord Mortimer—a subject, on which she never breathed a syllable to any other person.—On that sofa she had sunk when Emily had, inadvertently, read of his marriage;—and, at that door how often had she sat, watching the moon, as it glided majestically through the clouds; or, tracing out the various planets, as they fulfilled their allotted course through the wide expanse of Heaven.—With the idea of Lord Mortimer, came the remembrance of that dreadful night at Naples, of which she could not, yet, think, without shuddering; when it was fated that she should meet him—that he should preserve her

life:—He, whom of all other beings, she would have most avoided. But not wishing to indulge a train of thinking so inimical to her peace, she determined to put an end to it, by immediately retiring to her own apartment.

Unclosing the window of her chamber, she threw a farewell glance towards the distant mountains, whose peaked summits seemed to rest in the highest regions of the air. “Adieu!”—she cried, as she gazed upon these stupendous wonders of the Creation—“Adieu! I now see “you for the last time!”—Then, whilst her eyes wandered from them to the peaceful valley, where Nature appeared attired in her more softened beauty, she recollected, that it would be necessary to rise early, and though she would willingly have remained in her present station for some time longer, she continued only for a few moments, and then closing the window, endeavoured to seek repose.

The rising sun darting its bright beams

through the window, awakened her from a refreshing sleep. She rose immediately, and dressing herself quickly—a ceremony, which never detained her long—descended to the breakfast room; though not before Olivia and Emily had tapped at her chamber door, begging her to make haste, for fear they should be too late. Smiling at their eagerness, she accompanied them down stairs, where all was in readiness, and Madame St. Valery waiting to receive her.

“Here I am!” cried she, the moment Miss Maitland entered—“come to breakfast with you, uninvited; and St. Valery will be here, too, he bid me tell you, presently. I hope you will excuse my freedom, but I could not withstand it—for am I not going to lose you, alas!—for ever!—Ah! who knows, whether we shall ever meet again!”—the thought subdued her, and she wept.

Miss Maitland was, likewise much affected; but she endeavoured to speak

cheerfully ; and after expressing the pleasure her company gave her, talked of Madame St. Valery's visit to England—and then, in order to check the melancholy, which she found was fast stealing upon her, began to busy herself by preparing the breakfast.

By the time the necessary preliminaries were accomplished, Monseieur St. Valery came in ; and telling her they had no time to lose, as the carriages would be there in a few moments, he having just been to see after them, sat down without farther ceremony, and began to partake of their repast.

His conversation, lively and amusing, inspired them all with spirits ; to which the eager animation of the children not a little contributed ; and before the conclusion of their meal, Madame St. Valery was able not only to converse cheerfully, but to joke upon their future visit to England. The sound of the carriages drawing up to the door, checked, how-

ever, in an instant, her newly raised fabric of happiness, and only feeling the certainty that she was going to lose her husband for some length of time, and to part with her friend, perhaps, for ever!—she endeavoured not to repress her emotion, but gave way to a violent burst of tears.

“Nonsense!—Angelica!”—said Monsieur St. Valery, reproachfully, yet with tenderness—“one would imagine, you “never expected to see either Ma’am-selle Maitland, or myself again!”

“And, who knows,”—said she, despondingly,—“that I ever shall!”

“Pho!—Nonsense!—why, you are “enough to make me as low-spirited as “an Englishman!—excuse me, Ma’am-selle Maitland?—however, as to myself, “I shall be back again now before you “want me, I know I shall.”

“Now that’s unkind, St. Valery”—said his wife—whilst the tears streamed down her cheek a-fresh—“You know

“how eager I am to welcome you, even
“after the shortest absence.”

“Come, come, Angelica”—said he tenderly—“this is mere depression—Suppose
“we call at Nismes as we go along, and
“send home Victorine to keep you company?—Come, what say you to this
“plan of mine?—Does it meet with your
“approbation?”

Madame St. Valery smiling through her tears, begged his pardon for her petulance, which she entreated him to excuse, as in the present state of her feelings, she scarcely knew what she either said or did.

“Though, continued she, your kind plan
“pleases me so much, that I don’t know
“any circumstance, that would afford
“me greater satisfaction—without it was,
“that Miss Maitland and yourself could
“still remain with me at Raimondi.”

“However, as we all know,” resumed he, “that to be impracticable, at present,
“the other must content us: and it will
“not only be a pleasure to you to have

“ Victorine with you, but will, at the
“ same time be treating our dear girl with
“ a holliday, which will not be one jot
“ the less acceptable, for coming so un-
“ expectedly.”

An unforeseen obstacle now arose, as to how, or in what manner, the little girl should be conveyed from Nismes to Raimondi; a distance of thirty miles; as neither father nor mother thought proper that she should come alone and unprotected. “ I wish we had thought of this
“ before”—said Monseieur,—“ I could then
“ have gone and fetched her:—now,
“ that will be impossible, for I shall have
“ no time to lose, as I wish to reach Paris
“ by a certain time.”

“ Poor Victorine !”—sighed Madame St. Valery—“ I shall not be able to have
“ her company then I am afraid !”

“ That’s a pity, too,”—said Emily, who had been attentively listening to the conversation, since Victorine had been the subject, (who had been, at times, her

play-fellow)—“that’s a pity too—poor
“Victorine!—it is very hard she can’t
“come home, because she has got no-
“body to go and fetch her.—Why, can’t
“you go, Madame St. Valery?”

“Why, indeed?”—observed Miss Maitland,—“we never thought of that. Madame St. Valery could go very well in
“the carriage with us, as far as Nismes
“—and then she could return with her
“daughter in any way she might best
“approve of.”

“I declare that would not be a bad
“plan”—cried Monseieur St. Valery:—
“you little rogue!—how came you to
“think of it?—Why, it would be the
“very thing. What do you say, Ange-
“lica?—Have you a mind to go?”

“O! I should like such a juant of all
“things!”—replied his wife—but only I
“cannot go as I am now.”

“Make haste, then,” cried he, “and
“fetch your hat and shawl—come, we

“won’t mind waiting a few minutes for
“you—but now, do make haste, for it
“is time we were off, already.”

Madame St. Valery now left the Chateau, and ran hastily along the garden, and through the gate, which led, by a short cut to her own house ; promising not to detain them more than a minute or two.

This arrangement caused a trifling delay ; but, in the mean time, Monseieur St. Valery went out to see that every thing was ready, and that the baggage was, under the direction of Miss Maitland, properly disposed of.

During his absence, Madeline came into the parlour, equipped for her journey, and said—“that she did not know whether
“her mistress knew it or not, but that it
“was past seven o’clock.”

“O yes ;”—replied Miss Maitland—“I
“am perfectly aware of that ; we are only
“waiting for Madame St. Valery, who is

“going with us as far as Nismes. But
“be all of you in readiness; for the mo-
“ment she comes in, we shall set off.

“Holy Virgin! I am glad to hear you
“say so”—exclaimed Madeline—“for do
“you know, Madame, my mind misgive
“me, somehow, that you was going to
“put off your journey, seeing as you did
“not go so early as we all expected; and
“that would have been a sad disappoint-
“ment, you know Madame, not only to
“me, but, likewise, to Miss Olivia, and
“Miss Emily, and all of us.”

“Don’t frighten yourself, Madeline,”
said her mistress, smiling, “we shall
“quit Raimondi in less than an hour.”

“I wish Madame St. Valery would
come!—said Emily, “for I do so long
“to set off.”

“And so do I!”—re-echoed Olivia,
“but I think, she is very long dressing
“herself.”

“The time seems long, my dear, when
“we are waiting for any one;”—ob-

served Miss Maitland—“ though, I dare
“ say, she is hurrying herself very much
“ not to keep us waiting longer than
“ she can possibly help.”

“ Here she is !—here she is !”—ex-
claimed the child, as the former drew
near the Chateau—“ how glad I am you
“ are come, at last !—O ! now we shall
“ set off, I know, immediately.”

“ I made as much haste as ever I
“ could ;”—said Madame, as she entered
the parlour—“ I hope I have not kept
“ you long ?”

“ Nothing to signify ;” returned Miss
Maitland—“ Now, is every thing ready ?
“ —Where is Monseieur St. Valery ?—Do
“ you go and see, Madeline.”

“ Let me go ?”—said Emily, quickly.
“ I dare say, every thing is ready. O !
“ let’s go now !—Don’t let us wait any
“ longer !”

“ My dear, do not be tiresome !”—cried
Miss Maitland, seriously—“ you must
“ have patience till it suits us to set off.

“ Go, Madeline, and do as I bid you ;—
“ Emily may go with you if she will ;
“ and Olivia, too, if she likes it ;—only
“ I beg you will not teize me any
“ more.”

Madeline now went to enquire—and soon returned, with a joyful countenance, to say—that every thing was quite ready; the baggage all strapped on; and that they, now, only waited the commands of their mistress.

“ Then, my dear Madam,”—said Miss Maitland—“ I think we had better go :” —and Monseieur St. Valery meeting them just as they were leaving the parlour, and expressing some surprise at their delay, they hurried forward, and soon, with his assistance, entered the carriage—in which the children, with the eagerness natural to early youth, were already seated. The servants occupied another; and every thing having been previously arranged, they soon drove off, and in a few moments lost sight of Raimondi.

Farewel!—sighed Miss Maitland, as she caught a glimpse, (over the houses) of the tops of some of the highest trees, which grew in the gardens of the Chateau:—farewel!—after four years residence among ye, I now bid ye farewel!—for ever!—A sensation of melancholy pervaded her mind, as she gazed upon these well-known objects, when, by a winding in the road, the Chateau itself appeared in view, though nearly embosomed amid the luxuriant foliage of the spreading and lofty trees, which almost every where surrounded it. She gazed upon it, until the road again winding, hid it from her sight; and leaning back in the carriage, she fell into a reverie, which, though mournful, from the recollection of many a scene she had passed there, with Lady Vaversly, was not unpleasing.

This abstraction, however, did not continue long; for it was almost immediately broken in upon, by some sprightly

observation from Madame St. Valery, relative to the beauty of the morning ; or some expression of joy, at thus unexpectedly making one of their expedition as far as Nismes.

The children, too, were animated with joy and wonder, at every thing they either saw or heard ; and Monseieur St. Valery was, as he appeared at all times, so full of vivacity and good-humour, that it was impossible long to retain any feeling of depression or melancholy, in the society of such a happy group. Long before they reached Nismes, therefore, all traces of sadness were removed, not only from the countenance of Miss Maitland, but also from that of Madame St. Valery ; who appeared to have forgotten her violent grief of the morning, in the joyous anticipation of being soon gratified with the sight, and with the company, of her darling Victorine, who, it may be remembered, was her only child.

On their arrival at Nismes, Victorine

was fetched from the Convent ; and the whole party amused themselves for the rest of the day, by visiting the Cathedral, the Academy of Ancient History, and the various monuments of antiquity with which this city abounds. It was their intention to sleep at the Hotel, and not to set out on their respective destinations, until the following morning. This was done merely to oblige Madame, who still dreaded a separation ; for both her husband and Miss Maitland would, otherwise, have preferred proceeding on their journey ; as it was the wish of each to reach Paris as speedily as possible. To oblige her they consented to this short delay ; but the next morning they determined to set off, as soon as the day began to dawn, to avoid, as much as lay in their power, the excessive heat ; which, in these southern climes, is almost unbearable, at that part of the day, when the sun is at it's meridian.

The dreaded morning, however, at

length arrived, when they must of necessity separate; and with many sorrowful adieus they parted; uncertain, as Madame St. Valery observed, when, or, if ever, they should meet again.

That lady, who, at the moment of separation, was nearly as much overcome with grief, as she had been on the preceding morning, returned with her daughter to Raimondi; and the rest of the party immediately proceeded towards Avignon, on their route to Paris.

As they drew near the city of Avignon, they observed several solemn, and apparently funereal processions, for which, as it was no particular festival, or Saint's-day, they were at a loss to account; until they learnt that Mass was going to be celebrated at the different churches and cathedrals, for the souls of the murdered citizens, who had fallen victims, in the dreadful massacre, which had taken place in the environs, during the horrors of the late revolution.

When they entered the city, a solemn silence seemed to prevail throughout every street, and every avenue; and, as it was their intention to remain there that night, Monseieur St. Valery expressed a wish to go to the Cathedral, and join in the celebration of Mass, for the repose of these his unfortunate fellow-countrymen. — Miss Maitland, who wished to be a spectator of the ceremony, proposed to accompany him; and, accordingly they repaired to the Grand Church, where a scene presented itself, at once solemn and impressive. The valuable paintings in the Cathedral were covered with black cloth, whilst the walls of the Church were spread with hangings of a similar colour, on which were exhibited the cross bones, and other emblems of Death. Yet the whole was grand and impressive — and the stillness which reigned around, conspired with the solemn aspect of the place, to inspire the mind with a religious awe. — Mass was celebrated with becom-

ing pomp and splendor:—and Miss Maitland, as she gazed around, rapt in the deepest attention, felt her sensibility strongly excited, by observing, that almost every person wept. Few, indeed, who were there assembled, out of the many hundreds who knelt before the Altar, but had ample cause to weep.—Some had lost a father—others, a husband—scarcely one, in the whole congregation, but had to mourn the loss of some dear relation, or some loved connexion, torn from them, alas! for ever!—and in a way, perhaps, the most inhuman! the most savage that could be conceived!

The ceremony was, at length, concluded—and our travellers returned to the Hotel; where they partook of an early supper, as a preparatory measure towards setting off again very early the following morning.

As she contemplated the scene, to which she had been so recently a spec-

tator, Miss Maitland felt additional joy at the idea of once more reaching her native land. — “Happy England !” — said she; mentally — “ would I was once more there “ in safety ! — Liberty is talked of here — “ There only it is enjoyed !”

Miss Maitland had been persuaded by Monseieur St. Valery, who had travelled the same road frequently before, to go down the Rhone from Avignon to Lyons, as the road from one place to the other was extremely bad. She was particularly partial to the water, and, therefore, made not the least objection ; and considering a * *Coche-d'eau* as the most eligible mode, he engaged one to take them down the river, from thence to Lyons.

No arrangement could have been more pleasing than this, to Miss Maitland ; — who had ample leisure, as they glided along, to enjoy the view of the beautiful

* *Water-Diligence.*

and varied scenery, which adorned the banks of the Rhone. Pleasant hills, covered with vine leaves, arose at some distance, and intermixed with groves, fields, and orchards; whilst little villages lying at the foot of these eminences, with spires of churches, and neat cottages, were scattered here and there, amid the scene. Behind these would rise, perhaps, a range of mountains, clothed with trees and verdure, and intersperced with Villa's and Convents, which seen amid the deep embowering foliage, formed an appearance most beautifully picturesque. In the back ground were to be discovered the sublime and majestic Alps; whose snow-crowned summits seemed to touch the clouds; whilst the dark woods and forests, which skirted their sides, and their endless and uninterrupted chain, apparently rising one over the other, exhibited a view of Nature at once astonishing! sublime! and beautiful!

These scenes, so enchanting, were

perpetually varying, as they moved along the shore, whilst the transparent surface of the water reflected the beauties of its delightful banks. At one time the scenery would appear lighted up, by all that brilliancy, which the noon-tide rays could give, exhibiting a charming variety by the mere effect of light and shade :—at others, the departing rays of the setting sun threw over the whole a mellow lustre, which gave to every scene an additional charm, and heightened the effect of each.

The excessive heat of the weather rendered it particularly advisable to sail along by moonlight, when the breezes from the hills and from the water, refreshed and invigorated their languid spirits, after the day's excessive heat : and then every object was seen in a new, and even a still more interesting point of view. The moon's pale light gleaming over the mountains, reflected objects less distinctly, but what they lost, in effect,

by this partial obscurity, they gained in softened interest and beauty.

Miss Maitland particularly enjoyed these scenes by moonlight, and seated on the vessel's deck, gazed upon them with enthusiasm as they receded—whilst her senses were regaled by the refreshing and odoriferous scents, which perfumed the air, as they wafted from the numerous gardens, scattered on the banks of the river. A broad beam of radiance glittered on the surface of the water, through which vessels were frequently passing—yet all would have been profoundly still, had not the boatmen, at intervals, been heard, as the little vessels passed along, dividing the water with their oars.

This part of their journey was so pleasant both to Miss Maitland, and Monsieur St. Valery, though the latter was less enraptured with the beauties of Nature, than was his companion, that it was with some regret, when, after a journey of four days, they reached Lyons.

Each night they had landed to sleep at some town they were obliged to pass, and every morning had gone on board the vessel, which they had hired to take them on their way.

On entering Lyons, or rather the ruins of that ancient and once beautiful city, they were struck with horror at the signs of war and desolation, which every where appeared. Two years before, the greater part of it, had been reduced to ashes, by an incessant bombardment of the revolutionary troops, who had, at last, succeeded in entering it; when they satiated their fury by barbarities, committed on the ill-fated inhabitants, such as the imagination shrinks from contemplating, and which, till this period, language had no name for.—Nearly sixty thousand persons were either inhumanly murdered, or forced into exile, away from their native land—their home—and their connexions—but it was now quite tranquil;—the tempest had spent its rage, and

every stormy passion was, at length, hushed into repose and silence. Trade was now once more beginning to flourish; and its ancient name of Lyons was, by a late decree of the Convention, again restored;—for, in the moment of revolutionary madness it had been changed to another, more expressive of the new order of things.

As our travellers walked over the city, and viewed the ruins of this once populous and extensive place, whose buildings once nearly vied with those of Paris—they could not forbear shuddering to think, what fatal and destructive effects, it had been in the power of a lawless Banditti to accomplish—enfuriated, as they were, by the violence, and revolutionary frenzy of the times.

“Alas!”—said Miss Maitland—“how
“fortunate we may think ourselves, in
“having escaped these dreadful scenes
“of horror and desolation!—at having
“passed, in humble obscurity, those

“ hours, when these shocking deeds were
“ perpetrating!—much as we heard, at
“ the time, of these horrors in our remote,
“ and tranquil situation at Raimondi—
“ where, happily, this torrent of destruc-
“ tion did not reach—imagination must
“ have fell infinitely short of the terrible,
“ and soul-harrowing reality.”

Having slept one night at Lyons, they again set forward on their journey; the remainder of which they performed by land, and arrived at Paris, in as short a time as possible: where they took up their abode for the short period they were to remain there, at an Hotel, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Seine, near the Pont Neuf.

Miss Maitland, however, whose feelings were perpetually hurt by the remembrance of the sad scenes, which had there so recently occurred, notwithstanding the pleasantness of the situation, was eager to get away:—and requested Monsieur St. Valery would do her the favour

to be as expeditious, as possible, in procuring the necessary passports, which would enable her so to do.

He promised immediate compliance with her wishes as far as lay in his power ;—and, accordingly, spoke to his friend upon the subject the same evening ;—and, at his return to the Hotel, had the satisfaction to inform her, that the necessary documents should be prepared as soon as possible : though, he feared, that some little delay would, unavoidably, be occasioned, by the difficulty, in such a time, of procuring that kind of passport, as would enable her, without any further trouble, when she reached the place of embarkation, to quit the country.

This was a difficulty, however, which he assured them of his ability to overcome ; and having been introduced to Miss Maitland, by Monseieur St. Valery, as his particular friend, he, with the politeness natural to a Frenchman, when speaking to a female, told her, he would

exert himself to the utmost, to oblige so fair a lady; and, that he hoped to have the honour, in the course of a few days, to present her with the necessary and proper passports; and to have them so arranged, as to meet with her entire approbation.

She thanked him, and apologized for the trouble she was under the necessity of giving him;—which he appeared to make light of.—But, at the same time, she feared that his politeness and gallantry, and his readiness to promise, might, too probably, exceed his ability to put those promises into execution.—This caused her to feel considerable uneasiness:—for, in the event of his not being able to succeed in procuring the necessary preliminaries for her quitting France, she knew not what course would be the best for her to pursue. To go back to Raimondi, with Monseieur St. Valery seemed the only alternative that offered; for, to remain at Paris, where

she was not known to a single individual, she could not bear to think of; the idea appeared insupportable. Either, would be a very unpleasant termination of a journey begun with such different hopes and expectations;—but the former seemed so much more preferable, than to remain at Paris, where every object appeared changed and disfigured by the disgusting effects of the late revolution; that she resolved, in the event of a disappointment, to return with Monseieur St. Valery to Raimondi. There, she could, at least, remain in safety until more propitious times arrived; or a peace should be concluded between France and England, which would render the passage easy to be accomplished between the two countries.

Whilst this affair remained undecided, her days passed in a state of suspense the most harassing and unpleasant.—Monseieur St. Valery importuned her to go out, and endeavour to cheer her spi-

rits by attending some of the numerous Spectacles, which abounded in every part of the city. But her spirits, agitated and depressed, were not at all attuned to mirth or pleasure; and she, therefore, entreated that he would have the goodness to excuse her joining any of the gay throngs, which nightly assemble, in these regions of festivity.

Had not her own uncertain situation pressed upon her mind, and excluded every wish, or relish for amusement, she could have received none, at the present moment, nor with her present feelings, from any pleasure, which the city of Paris could offer. The idea of the sad scenes there so recently exhibited;—the murder of the King and Queen;—of the unoffending Princess Elizabeth, since which scarcely a year had elapsed;—and, of the many thousand innocent persons, beside them, who had fallen victims to a misguided and inhuman rabble, were ever present to her imagination; and would,

effectually, have prevented her from receiving any gratification whatever, from any thing in the shape of pleasure, on the very spot, where these dreadful atrocities had been perpetrated.

~~THE ADULTERESS.~~

CHAP. X.

Suspense is an absorbent of the faculties that suffers them to see, hear, and feel only its own perplexity.

MISS BURNEY.

SEVERAL days passed, amid the fluctuations of hope and despair, and as the passports were not yet obtained, Miss Maitland began to make up her mind to the disappointment, and to look forward only to her return with Monseieur St. Valery to Raimondi.

Madeline was broken-hearted. Not to be a traveller, after all, was very provoking! and she now recollected, that they had set off upon an unlucky day, to which all these disappointments, she had no doubt, were owing.

Paris though, to be sure, she said, was a fine place, and very well worth seeing;—so, that if she did go back to Raimondi, which, however, the Holy Virgin forbid!—they would not be able to say she had seen nothing after all;—for had she not been to the Theatre—and to the Palais-Royale—and she might have gone to the Louvre if she would—but, for her part she did not much care for pictures, she could see enough of them in the Churches:—besides, pictures were things she did not travel to see:—all she wanted was to go to England, and see all the wonderful things she had been told of there.—“Ah well!” continued she, “but I hope we shall go there yet!—who knows, but this gentleman,—stop, I forget though, there are no gentlemen now; they are all turned into citizens, James says. Well then, who knows, but this citizen, (who was a gentleman once though, they say) may be able to get us all to England—ah! I hope he

“will ! for he is a very great man,
“James says, though he does call him-
“self a citizen.”

Another week, however, passed in anxious, but fruitless expectation ; and Miss Maitland had now intirely ceased to hope, when the papers so ardently desired, at length arrived, with Citizen Montoul's compliments, and that he was extremely sorry for the delay ; which had been solely occasioned, by the great difficulty he had found, in obtaining the passport, that would enable her to quit the Republic. He assured her, however, that she was now at liberty to leave it, whenever she thought proper ; and that she would meet with no further delay, even at the water side ; where she had only to shew that one particular passport, and no opposition would then be made to her departure.

Her satisfaction at receiving these papers so long looked for, and which for many days she had despaired of obtain-

ing, was so great, that she could almost have wept for joy : and Monseieur St. Valery calling soon after, and being informed of the happy circumstance, said—that he would endeavour so to arrange his business, that he might be ready to accompany her on the following morning.

She was loth to take him so far out of his way, and said—she thought, that, as she was now possessed of these credentials, she could pursue the rest of her journey very safe. But he entreated her to say no more about it, as he should certainly not leave her, until he had seen her safe on board the vessel, which was to convey her to her native land. “ Besides,” said he, “a pretty story I should have to tell when I get back to Raïmondi, if I was to leave you in the lurch, and let you go so far, at last, by yourself.—No, no; I will see you safe on board, you may depend upon it, or, when I get home, perhaps, I may

“chance to have no welcome for my
“pains.”

Accordingly, the next morning, to the great joy of Miss Maitland, they quitted Paris, on their route towards Dieppe.— Calais would have been the place of their destination, had not Miss Maitland wished to stop at the former place, to make some enquiries of the Landlady at the Hotel, as to whether any intelligence had been received by her, concerning the fate of her little adopted child.

She scarcely expected to obtain any information, or to hear that any enquiries had been made; for, had that been the case, she imagined, that long ago, she should have received intelligence from the Landlady, who was apprised of both her name, and place of residence; and who would, of course, she supposed, had she not taken the trouble of writing herself, have referred any such applicants to her, at Raimondi.

Having never heard from her, therefore, during a period of four years—that time having elapsed since she first took Emily under her protection—she had no hope of obtaining any information from her, calculated to elucidate the mystery, as to whose child she really was; but, as she was now going to quit the Kingdom, she had a desire to interrogate the Landlady, previous to her leaving it for ever.

The distance was rather too great between Paris and Dieppe, for one day's journey; they, therefore, slept the first night at Rouen; and on the second evening reached the place of their destination.

They put up at the Hotel, where the supposed mother of Emily had breathed her last, and from whence Miss Maitland had taken her. Monseieur St. Valery immediately went out to arrange the necessary preliminaries, and go through the proper forms concerning the passports; and, likewise, to procure a vessel, to take

her and her suite to England, on the following day.

He found this rather a difficult matter; but the promise of a handsome sum for their trouble, soon settled the business; and they promised to give him notice, at an early hour the next morning, of what time it would be to their advantage to set out. The wind was against them, now, the Captain said—right in their teeth—but before morning, in all probability, there would be a change.—“However, Citizen,” continued he, “I will let you know, in time, you may depend upon it; for I shall have no objection to carry this lady to England, upon the terms we have agreed upon.”

On the departure of Monseieur St. Valery, Miss Maitland rang the bell, and informed the person who answered it, that she wished to speak with the Landlady. Whilst waiting for her to appear, she was conjecturing whether the woman, of whom she entertained no very favour-

able opinion, would recognize her for the same person, who had been at her house, on so melancholy an occasion, a few years before. At length a young woman entered the room, and said—she awaited her commands.

Miss Maitland, supposing the waiter had misunderstood her, said—she wished to speak to the Landlady.

“I am Mistress of this Hotel, Madame;”—replied the female—“and I was told by Jerome, that you wished to speak to me.”

Miss Maitland now began to fancy she had mistaken the house; and had come to the wrong Hotel!—but as she looked around, she thought that could not be the case, for, it so happened, that they had shewn her to the same room, which she had occupied at the former period.—“But you are not the person,” said she, in some surprise, “that kept this Hotel about four years ago?”

“No, Madame; we have lived here

“only two years, and, indeed, not quite
“that yet.”

“Could you be so obliging, then,”
asked Miss Maitland, “as to inform me,
“what has become of the former Mistress
“of the Hotel? or, whether she lives
“near enough, for me to see her between
“this, and to-morrow morning?”

“O, no! Madame—she has been dead
“these two years ”

“Dead!”—exclaimed Miss Maitland,
with disappointment evidently imprinted
on her countenance.

“Yes, Madame; she was taken with
“a fever, and died in a few days.—Some
“say, the times affected her, and Heaven
“knows! they were bad enough!—
“enough to terrify any one out of their
“senses!—but, I never believed this my-
“self; for I don’t think she was a wo-
“man easily intimidated—she never bore
“the best of characters.”

“Did not she?”—said Miss Maitland
—“I knew nothing of her; but I wished

“ to ask her a question or two, relative to
“ an occurrence that took place a few
“ years since, whilst I was in her house.”

“ I beg your pardon, Madame—but
“ was it about a little girl, whose mother
“ died at her house, about four years
“ ago ?”

“ Yes ;” — replied Miss Maitland. —
“ You have heard of the circumstance
“ then ?”

“ O, yes ! Madame—it was the talk of
“ the whole neighbourhood — Nobody
“ knew what became of the child ; but
“ she disappeared in a very mysterious
“ manner. Some say a lady took her
“ with her into foreign parts ; but where
“ I never heard ; and that that lady was
“ her real mother ;—but nobody credited
“ that story much—and that the poor
“ woman, who died here so suddenly,
“ was only her nurse, or something of
“ that kind. And then again, it was
“ said, that another lady, who was a very
“ great person, came to enquire after the

“ child, and was very angry with the per-
“ son who kept this Hotel at that time,
“ for not being able to give a proper ac-
“ count of what had been done with the
“ poor thing. However, as I did not
“ live in Dieppe at this time, I cannot
“ say whether either of these stories were
“ exactly true; but, I fancy it was gene-
“ rally believed that she knew more than
“ she chose to say. It was a strange af-
“ fair altogether, Madame, and the poor
“ woman who had the child with her,
“ died here, that’s for certain!—but I
“ never in my life could come at the
“ real truth of the other part of the
“ story.”

“ Did you ever hear the name of the
“ lady, who, you say, was some great
“ person, that enquired after the child?”
asked Miss Maitland.

“ No, Madame;—I did not hear that
“ her name was ever mentioned; only
“ they supposed so, from her coming to
“ Dieppe, in a chariot and four.”

“ You think then,” interrogated Miss Maitland, “ that there really was a person of this description, who came to make some enquiries after the child ?”

“ I don’t know that there was, for certain, Madame ; but it was said so, at the time, I remember. Though there were so many stories in circulation, just at that period, concerning the affair, which every body thought a very strange one, that they could not all be true, you know—and, therefore, this may not be, any more than many of the others.”

“ I can, in some degree, clear the former mistress of this Hotel,” said Miss Maitland, “ from any stigma that may have been cast upon her character, concerning any bad practices she was guilty of towards the child, by declaring—that I was the person who took the little girl under my protection, and that she has ever since resided with me. But I am not her mother ;—nor do I

“ know who are her parents.—She, and
“ the poor woman who so unfortunately
“ met her death here, came, in the same
“ vessel with me, from England.—They
“ were total strangers to me. But on the
“ decease of the poor woman, who might
“ have been her mother for aught I know
“ to the contrary, and I am, myself, in-
“ clined to believe she really was, com-
“ passion for the deserted state of the
“ poor infant, induced me to take her
“ under my own protection—particular-
“ ly, as the former mistress of this Hotel,
“ who appeared to be a most unfeeling
“ woman, declared she would, otherwise,
“ instantly send her to some public in-
“ stitution for deserted children. Ac-
“ cordingly she accompanied me to the
“ South of France: but, in case any
“ of her relatives should think proper to
“ enquire after her, I left my name and
“ residence with the Landlady. — From
“ that time to this, however, I have heard
“ nothing from her, and, therefore, should

“naturally suppose that no enquiries
“have been made.”

“No, to be sure, Madame; for she would
“certainly have sent to you if there had.
“But, dear me!—only to think, how strange
“things come about!—that I should
“happen, after all, to meet with the very
“lady who took the child away, and
“come at the real truth of the whole
“story.—Well! I declare, though, I
“thought it was much worse!—for I
“had no great opinion of Madame
“Ranville, my predecessor.—Poor little
“thing!—but she was lucky to meet
“with a kind hearted lady, for I don’t
“know what you’d have become of her
“else—she would have led a dreadful life
“with Madame Ranville, who was a
“most violent temper, as I have heard
“from many of the servants who now
“live with me:—and, in many other re-
“spects, she did not bear the best of
“characters. Had not you, Madame,
“been so kind as to take care of her, I

“ don’t know whether the Hospital for
“ Foundlings would not have been pre-
“ ferable to remaining in a house with
“ such a woman as Madame Ranville,
“ for she ——.”

Here the volubility of the Landlady was interrupted by some one tapping at the door—who proved to be the waiter, come to inform his mistress that she was wanted down stairs. She bowed to Miss Maitland, therefore, and immediately withdrew.

When alone, Miss Maitland, who was not sorry for her departure, revolved in her mind the circumstance she had related, concerning some lady, who had come to the Hotel, to make enquiries relative to the child :—but the information itself, as well as the manner in which it had been reported, was so vague and unsatisfactory, that she could not consider it as entitled to the least degree of credit, any more than those, which she knew to be without any foundation.

She now, therefore, entirely gave up all idea of ever being able to trace the parents or relatives of her little Protegéé; and could not avoid feeling a sensation of pleasure whilst considering, that she might now look upon her as her own. The gentle and affectionate disposition of Emily, had so far gained the warm affections of her benefactress, that she now loved her with the fondest maternal affection; and would have considered the parting with her, had she by any means discovered her parents, as the greatest deprivation she could have experienced.

The children, whom she had purposely sent out for a walk with Madeline and Susan, now returned, and she pressed them fondly to her bosom.—Each had a powerful claim upon her affection, and she considered both equally as her children:—but Emily was so totally bereft of every connexion—so friendless and unallied—that for her, she felt her pity more particularly interested.

Whilst she was caressing these beloved objects, Monseieur St. Valery entered the room, and informed her of the success of his mission. "And now," said he, if "the wind does but change in our favor; "I shall see you all under weigh to-morrow morning."

"How shall I ever repay you?" said Miss Maitland, to whom this intelligence gave the greatest satisfaction—"how shall I ever make you amends for all the trouble I have given you?"

"By saying not another word about it.—Let me once hear you are safely landed in England, and I shall be greatly over-paid."

"You are very kind;"—said Miss Maitland—"but thus far you must give me leave to say, that, had it not been for your interference and attention, I doubt, if it would ever have been in my power to have reached it: so many difficulties have occurred, of which I entertained no apprehension, at my first

“ setting out. However, I trust they are
“ now happily surmounted—thanks to your
“ unwearied kindness and solicitude—and
“ I hope, some day or other, you will
“ allow me to shew the real sense I en-
“ tertain of your friendship, as well as
“ that of Madame St. Valery, by making
“ me a visit in England :— where, I may,
“ perhaps, have it in my power to return
“ some of the many acts of civility and
“ friendly attention, which I have ever
“ experienced from you both.”

“ We shall see,” said he, “ what we
“ can do, whenever a peace takes place.
“ But till that blessed event arrives, I
“ am afraid you must not expect us.
“ However, you must write to us often :
“ —and Angelica, in return, will give
“ you a full account of our proceedings
“ at Raimondi—though we cannot see
“ each other, we may write. But, do
“ look at the smoke from yonder chim-
“ ney.—I do verily believe the wind is

“changing—come, that’s all in our favor.

“—But, if I make such a rout about it,

“I shall have you presently fancying I

“want to get rid of you, so I’ll e’en go

“and look after the horses.”

CHAP. XI.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd ?
 From wandering on a foreign strand !

SCOTT'S Lay of the Last Minstrel.

THE next morning, when Miss Maitland arose, she looked anxiously out of the window, to discover from which point of the compass blew the wind, whether from one likely to waft her speedily to the shores of Great Britain. To her great satisfaction she perceived it was in the very quarter likely to facilitate her wishes ; and throwing on her clothes hastily, she descended to the breakfast-room, where

Monseieur St. Valery was already awaiting her appearance.

On her entrance, he exclaimed—"We
"are in high luck!—here is the wind
"changed exactly in your favor.—If it
"keeps but a few hours in this quarter,
"you will be over to England before you
"know where you are."

"This is fortunate indeed!"—said Miss Maitland,—
"But is the vessel in
"readiness for us to sail immediately, do
"you think?"

"Yes; I can answer for that:" replied he—
"for the Captain was here an hour
"ago, and said, the wind was exactly
"fair, and advised us to lose no time,
"but to set sail as soon as possible. I
"do not wish to hurry you, but I think
"you should take advantage of the wind,
"whilst it is so decidedly in your favor,
"in case of any sudden change."

Miss Maitland agreed with him in opinion; and, therefore, after dispatching a

hasty breakfast, the whole party left the Hotel, and proceeded to the water side.

Here they found the vessel and the Captain in readiness to receive them; and the baggage having been previously stowed on board, nothing now remained to delay their embarkation. Miss Maitland, therefore, and the little girls took of Monseieur St. Valery an affectionate farewell; the former once more thanking him for all his kindness; and sending her warmest remembrances to his wife. They, then, assisted by him, went on board the vessel, which was to convey them to the coast of England.

The wind being fair, and the gale brisk, they were soon wafted from the shore, and bore away for the main ocean — Miss Maitland continued to wave her handkerchief to Monseieur St. Valery, (who stood gazing after them upon the beach) until he was no longer visible. He, likewise, remained stationary, watching the vessel, until it receded from his

view, when he quitted his position, and returned to the Hotel.

Here, however, he did not long remain, but almost immediately returned to Paris:—and, in the course of a few weeks, having concluded the business, which brought him thither, returned to Madame St. Valery at Raimondi.

Our voyagers, in the mean time, were sailing briskly before a fair wind, which promised to land them speedily on the shores of Britain. Madeline, had been, at their first setting off from Dieppe, so extremely terrified at the motion of the vessel, and so fearful of trusting herself upon such a large body of water, that Miss Maitland began to fear, that she would really go into fits. A slight degree of sickness coming on, however, soon rendered her less violent, and she was, at last, persuaded to lie down, and endeavour to compose herself.

Nothing less than total inability to sit up, would have induced her to comply ;

for her dread of going to the bottom was invincible, and, seemingly, not to be conquered.

Miss Maitland was, likewise, for the first time in her life, so incommoded by the common effects of sailing, that she was compelled to repose in the cabin; whilst Susan, who was more fortunate than her mistress, in this respect, watched by her with the most anxious solicitude, fearing that a similar accident might, perhaps, befall her, that had, at a former period, proved so fatal to the poor woman, who came over with them from England.

Happily, however, her fears were not verified: though Miss Maitland continued extremely ill and disordered the whole way; and towards the latter part of the voyage, lay apparently senseless. At length the white cliffs of England appeared in view, to the great joy of Susan, who was, by this time, much alarmed for her mistress; and after a very quick passage, they landed at Brighton,

though the roughness of the sea had incommoded, in a greater or lesser degree, the whole party.

Miss Maitland had been the most seriously affected; and was, when they reached Brighton, so much exhausted, that she was obliged to be carried on shore, and even to the Inn:—where, contrary to her original intention, she was compelled to remain for a few days, in order to recruit her strength, which had been much diminished by her late voyage.

Instead of going to London immediately, therefore, she wrote to her brother, apprising him of her safe arrival in England, and of her inability to come, (as she wished to have done) to London directly; but begged, that he would not give himself the trouble of coming to Brighton on her account, as, in the course of a few days, she hoped to be sufficiently recovered, to enable her to reach his town residence in Park Lane.

In the mean time, as she had no com-

plaint, except weakness, she amused herself by wandering with the children upon the beach, or enjoying the beautiful and extensive view of the ocean, which presents itself from the cliffs, at the east end of the town of Brighton.

Few houses were, at that period, built at this part of it; the Steine, being at that time, nearly the eastern boundary:—whereas, now, from the rapid increase of buildings, it is nearly in the centre of the town.

It being early in the season, only the latter end of May, the place was yet very empty; only a few stragglers to be met with—who came before the great influx of company, for other purposes than gaiety and dissipation.

The season was so beautiful, and the air, though warm for this climate, so mild and temperate, particularly to her, who had been so long accustomed to the excessive heats of France and Italy, that, as Brighton was a place she had been

ever partial to, she was half inclined to remain there for a short time. But her ardent desire to get to London—her wish to see her brother—and her dislike to living at an Inn, which she was ever averse to, determined her to quit it; and to keep to her original intention of setting off for London on the following day.

She was rather surprised at not hearing from her brother, but thought it probable, that he might be at his Country Seat, which was in Sussex, though at a considerable distance from Brighton;—and somewhat repented that she had not, likewise, addressed a letter to him there. However, as she meant to set off the next day, it was of no material consequence; and she went out with the children, to take a stroll for the last time upon the beach.

As they crossed the Steine upon their return to the Inn, they observed a post chariot and four horses coming into the

town. They were not near enough to discern the livery ; but when they came to the Inn door, they observed the same chariot just driving up the yard, and, on entering the house, the first person they perceived was Sir William Maitland — who was enquiring of the Landlady where he might find his sister.

Upon hearing the sound of her voice, he immediately turned round — and the meeting was a joyous one, on both sides.

When she had led him to her own apartment, he warmly and affectionately congratulated her, on her return to her native land ; and, on her being permitted to escape from such a scene of anarchy and confusion, as France had lately become.

“ I was very unhappy,” continued he, “ at your lengthened absence, for I was “ informed, that it was a very unlikely “ matter, that they would suffer you to “ leave France.”

She then informed him of the difficul-

ty there had been in procuring the passports, and how much she had been indebted to the unwearied kindness and attention of her French friend Monseieur St. Valery. “ But for him, I should “ never have been here ;” added she,— “ but, come, I must now introduce to “ you, my little *Protegée*.”

Emily now came forward, at the request of Miss Maitland, and made her court’sy to Sir William — who had no sooner cast his eyes upon the countenance of the child, than he appeared strongly agitated, and seemed as if suddenly struck by some particular recollection. At length, however, having gazed at her for some time without speaking, he suddenly recollected himself, and, in a hurried manner, enquired— what her name was ?

“ Emily Doraton, Sir ;”—replied the child, who was shy at meeting with a stranger, and not a little intimidated by his manner.

“ Emily!—is it?”—said he, again perusing her face, as if he meant to investigate every line of it.—“ Emily—what?—did you say?”

“ Doraton, Sir;”—answered Emily, who began to feel quite abashed at this close scrutiny of her countenance.

“ Doraton!—is it?”—said he, as if considering.—Then, after a short pause, turning abruptly to his sister, said,—“ have you never observed the strong “ resemblance this child bears to a per- “ son you formerly knew.”

“ No; I cannot say I have—to any “ particular person.—When I first took “ her under my protection, I remember “ to have fancied that she either bore a “ resemblance to some one I had seen “ before, or that her own face was per- “ fectly familiar to me, but since I have “ become more accustomed to it, I have “ ceased to observe it.”

“ It is astonishing to me,” cried her brother, “ that you have not!—I was

“struck with the strong resemblance
“the very instant I saw her.”

“Who, then, is it, that you think she
“is like?”—enquired Miss Maitland.

“Nay, it is of no consequence,” said he, evidently agitated, “if you have
“not observed it yourself.”—And he immediately rose, and went to the window, in order to disguise his emotion.

On perceiving the agitation of her brother, though she forbore to notice it, Miss Maitland readily guessed to whom he alluded;—and when she looked at the countenance of Emily, she fancied that she, also, could perceive a likeness, but not in that degree, which appeared so forcibly to have struck her brother. The child wondered what was the matter; and it being now past their usual time of retiring, Miss Maitland rang the bell for Madeline, to take Olivia and her to bed.

When Emily had left the room, Sir William grew more composed, but seem-

ed rather thoughtful for the rest of the evening. As his sister had ordered the carriages to be ready at an early hour the next day, he did not wish to countermand them:—and, accordingly, desired his own to be in readiness at the same time, that they might all set off together.

The next morning, therefore, they quitted Brighton; and in the evening arrived in Park Lane:—where Miss Maitland had once more the satisfaction of feeling those pleasurable sensations, which are awakened in the bosom, at the sight of home, after so long an absence from it.

The day after their arrival, the lads were sent for from Harrow, to pay their respects to the travellers; and with them came Mr. Grenfell,—who warmly congratulated Miss Maitland on her safe arrival from France.

Though it was not more than seven months since they had separated, Ar-

thur was so much grown, that she could scarcely believe he was the same, she had parted with, so lately. Time had, also, made such an alteration in her two nephews, that she could, with some difficulty, recognise them. She had left them little boys of nine and eleven, and the eldest, who was now between fifteen and sixteen, and very tall of his age, appeared nearly approaching the height and stature of manhood. Arthur, who was the same age as Edward, the elder Maitland, was, likewise, very tall and manly for his years—so that instead of three little boys, whom she expected to have seen, there jumped out of the chaise, three tall, fine grown youths, who ran up stairs eagerly, to welcome their aunt, whom they well remembered.

Arthur, to be sure, was not related to her, but she was more his acquaintance than theirs, having, of late years, been so much with her :—and he was, if possible, even more eager than they, to pay

his respects to the travellers. Olivia and Emily, likewise, came in for a share of his regard ;—though the latter looked rather shy, and could scarcely believe, that he really was her old acquaintance.

A very short time, however, brought them all very familiarly acquainted ;—and they appeared as one family.—But the boys were soon sent off to school again ; and no very long time elapsed, before they quitted Harrow, and went to Cambridge.

As Sir William grew more accustomed to Emily's countenance, it failed to interest him so acutely : but there were times, when he could not avoid gazing upon it, and wondering, whether she bore any relationship to the person she so strongly resembled. But he never mentioned these ideas to any one. They were merely confined to his own bosom.—For he would not have liked to have had it known, that he ever bestowed a thought upon the worthless being, of whom she

reminded him—who had injured him and his family in the tenderest points.

Olivia had been taken by Miss Maitland, to visit her uncle, Mr. Watkins, who appeared overjoyed to see them:—and declared, with tears in his eyes, that she was the very model of poor Mary!

“Ah! that foreign journey!”—said he, “I was afraid it would be the death of her!—Poor soul!—She is gone—“and for the matter of that, so is he.—“Well! you’ll come and see me now and “then, Olivia, won’t you my dear?—I am “your uncle, you know—and that other “poor thing!—I shall be heartily glad to “see her!—I am often laid up with the “gout, so then it will be a charity to “come and see me—so mind, now, young “one, you don’t forget.”

Olivia promised she would not; and Miss Maitland, with whom Mr. Watkins was a very great favorite, said—she would be sure and send her:—and then, after chatting the whole of a long morning,

as he wished to hear all the particulars of his sister's illness and death, she and Olivia took their leave:—though not before he had made her promise, that the next time she came, she should bring with her the little girl she had so generously adopted.

As Olivia and Emily, though well versed in the French language, from so long a residence in the country where it was the native tongue, were rather deficient in the grammatical part of the English, Miss Maitland thought it would be more to their advantage to place them at a good school, than to have a private governess at home. She, therefore, fixed them at one, to which she was strongly recommended by a lady, whose daughter had been educated there, at Kensington; and, in the mean time, she and her brother, Sir William, spent the principal part of every year at Melbury Park, the seat of the latter in Sussex.

Every vacation brought the family together—and a mutual good understand-

ing seemed to prevail, although there was a great variety in their dispositions. Edward was shy and retired:—Henry, bold and resolute. Arthur was mild and amiable; though he had imbibed somewhat of his father's ideas of hereditary rank. But as he grew older, his friends hoped this would wear off,—for he was, in every other respect, the very counterpart of his mother.

Olivia and Emily were, as girls of their age usually are, lively—careless—and good-tempered: they knew but one sorrow—and that was, quitting Melbury, after each vacation, in their return to school. But this sorrow was of no long continuance: as soon as they arrived there, it was forgotten.

During the period of their absence, Miss Maitland spent a considerable portion of her time with Mrs. Watkins, the mother of Lady Vaversly, and her former governess. This lady was to Miss Maitland as a parent, and she revered her as such. The house in which she

resided, was so short a distance from Melbury, that very few days passed, but the two ladies had a meeting.

At length, however, this pleasant intercourse was interrupted, by the death of the younger Mrs. Watkins; which event so deeply affected her husband, who had before had the misfortune of following every one of his children to their grave, that he was not easy till his mother came up to town, to live with him: and, consequently, she gave up her house in the country, and went wholly to reside with him at Clapham.

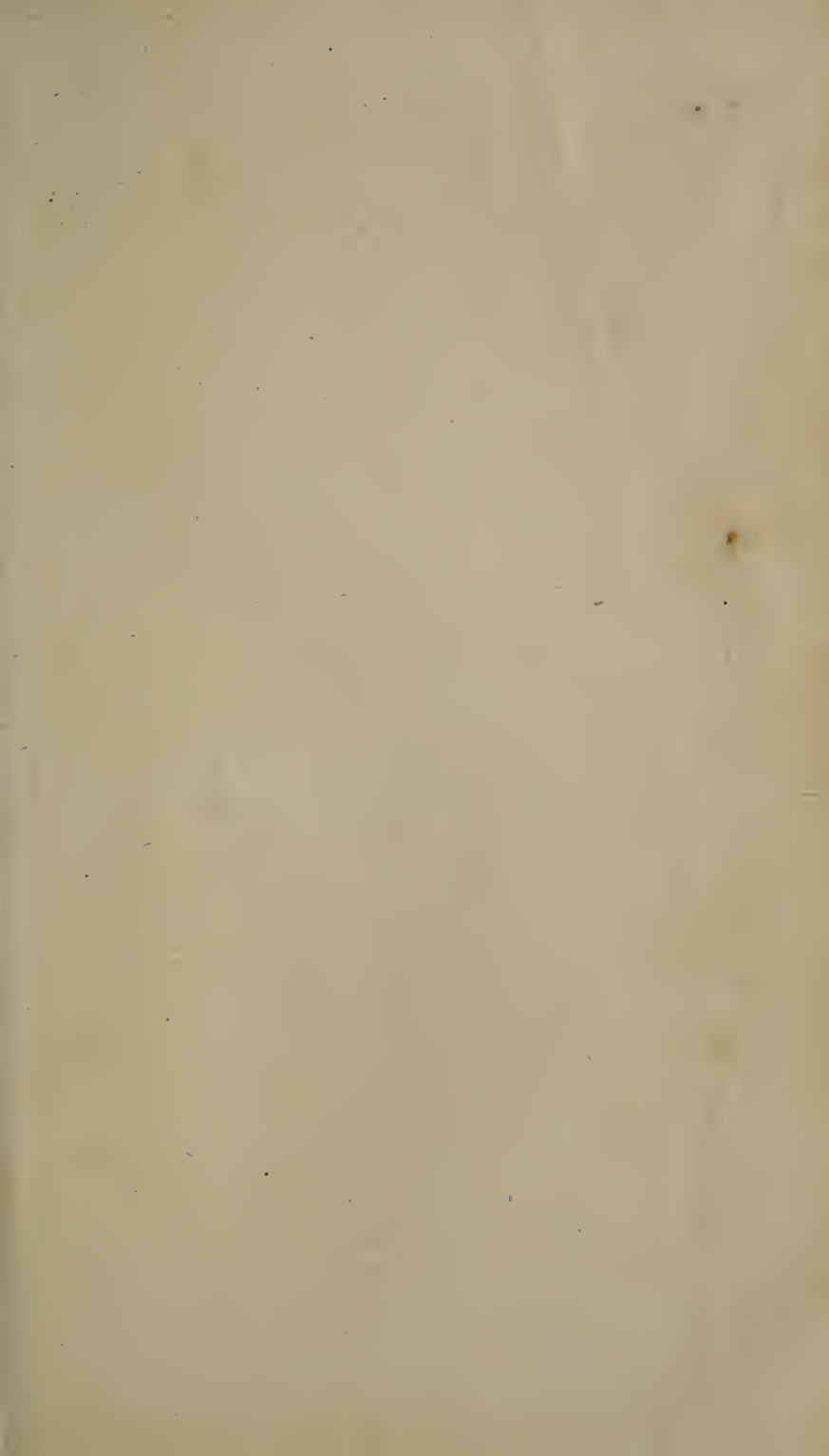
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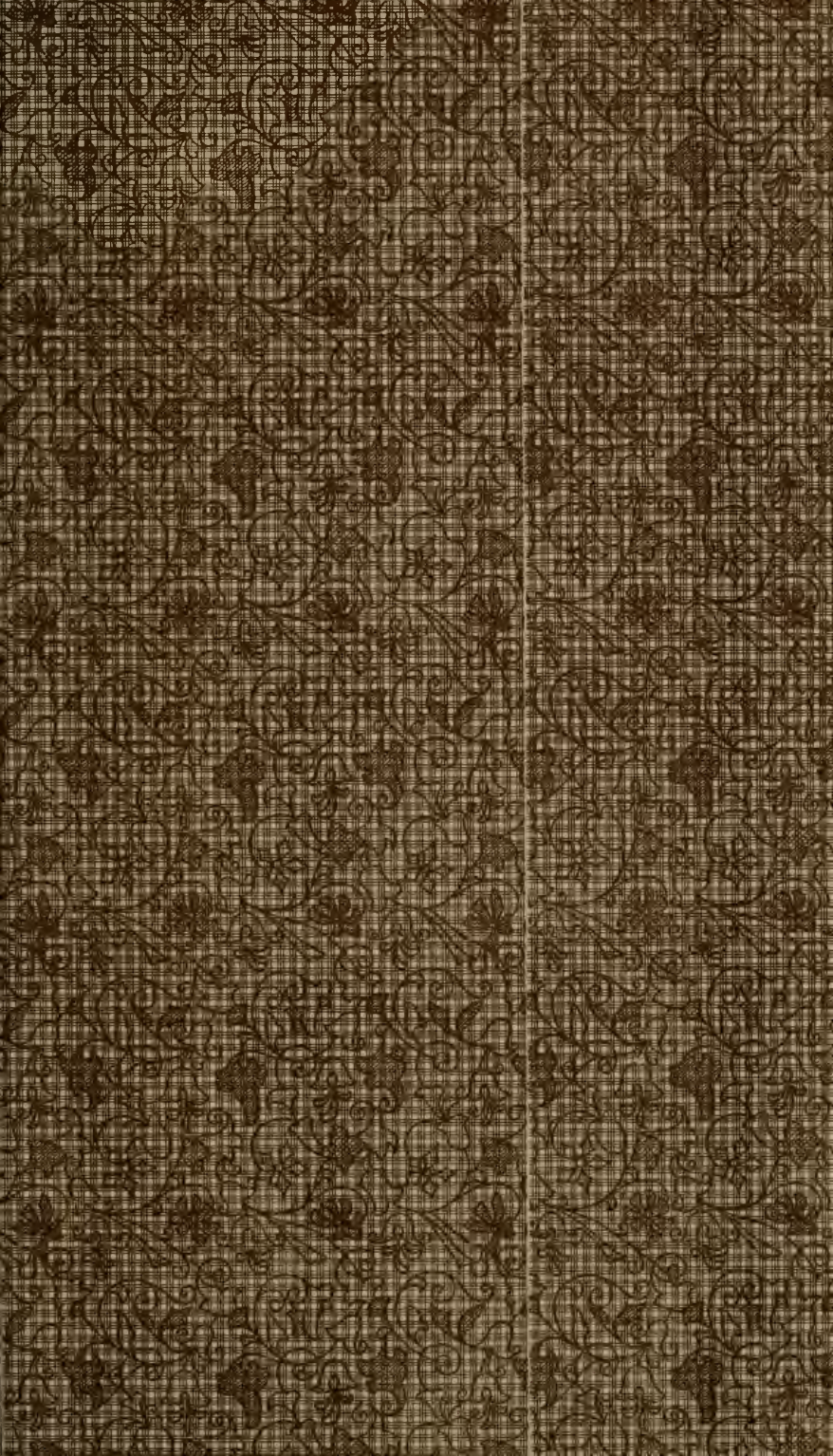
Page 242, line 5, *for* I read If.

245, last line, insert the word I.

209, line 2, *for* surmounted read surmounted.







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